Nov. 8, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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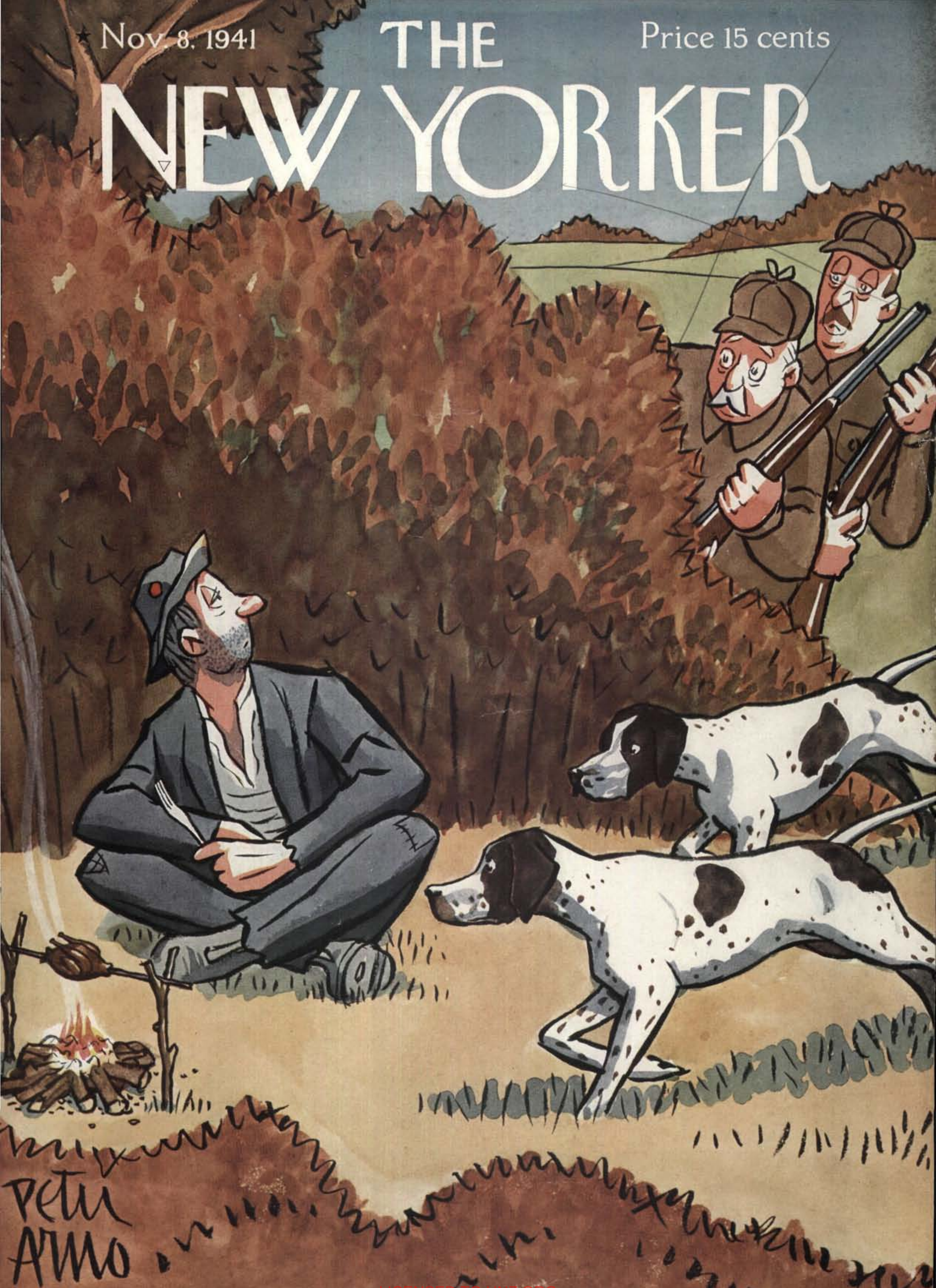

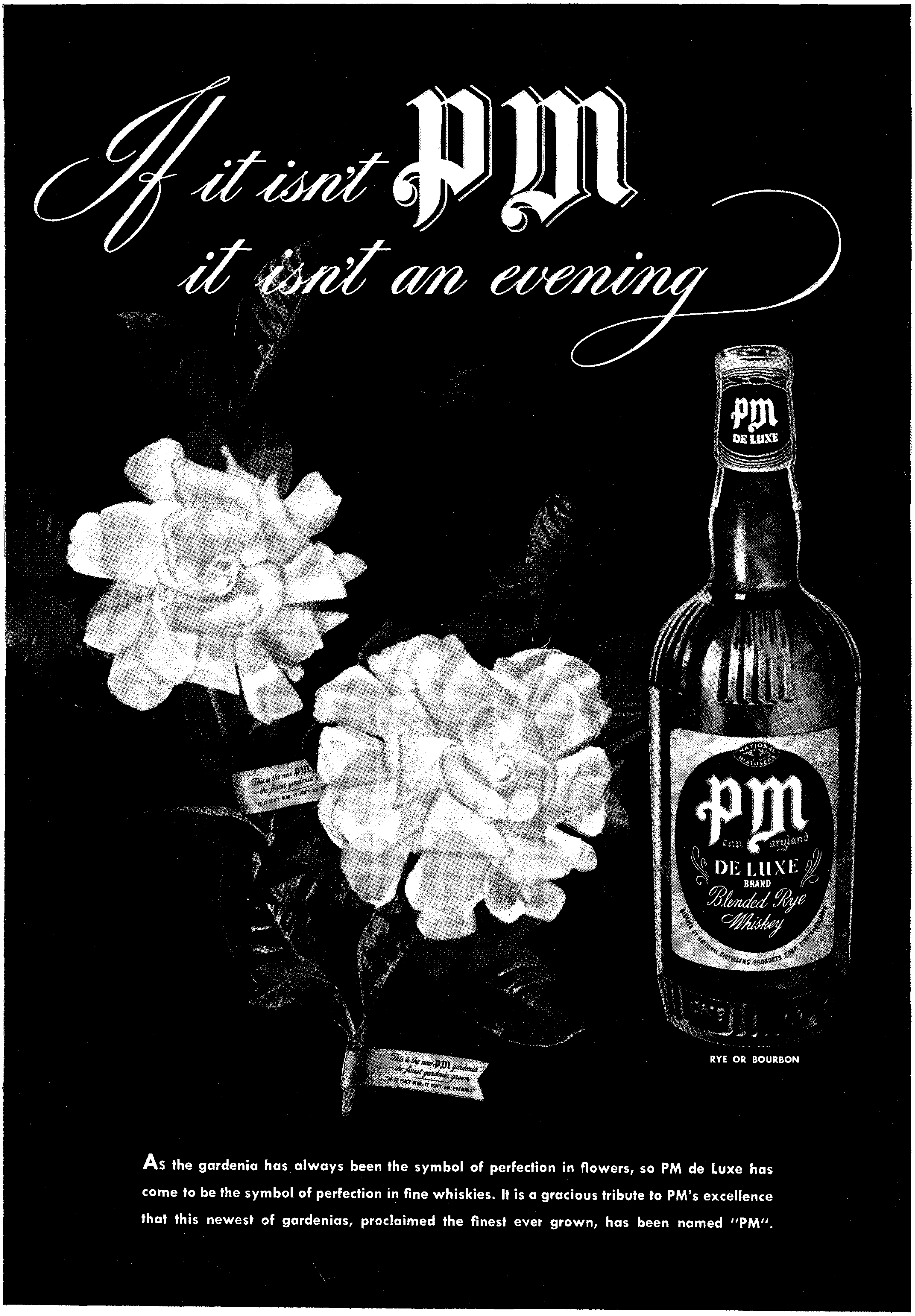
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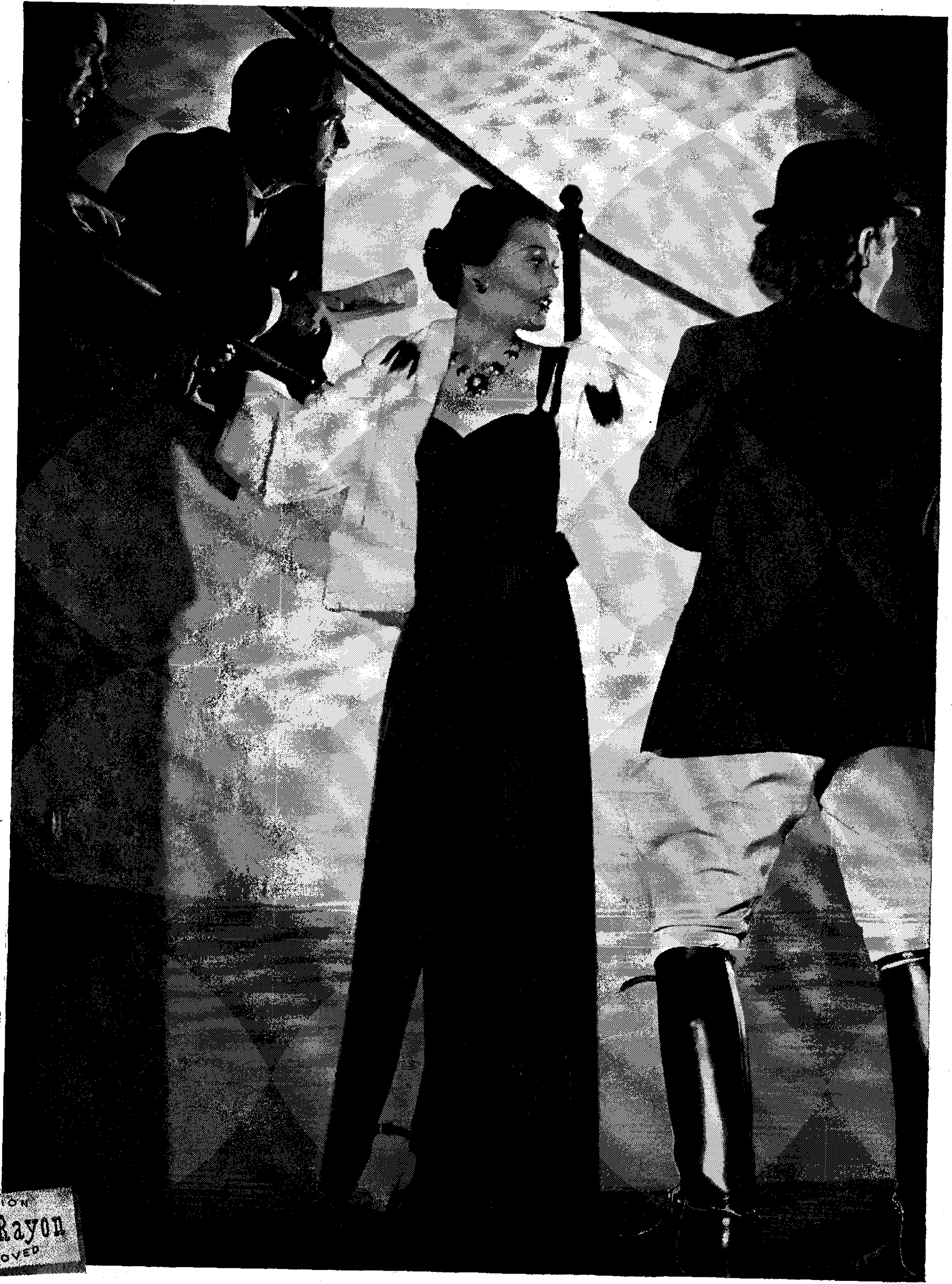

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

THE THEATRE

(Next week there will be some juggling of the regular midweek-matinée schedule to take advantage of expected Armistice Day business. There may be last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Tues. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Half anti-Nazi sermon, half war melodrama, Maxwell Anderson's new play isn't quite successful on either level, but a splendid production by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company probably makes it worth your attention. Helen Hayes, Evelyn Varden, Tonio Selwart, and John Wengraf are in the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always beautifully acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Land Is Bright—George Kaufman and Edna Ferber trace the history of a robber baron and his family from the nineties up to now. Interesting enough in spite of its broadly melodramatic treatment. Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss are among the players. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison *Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay* and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Tues. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's conception of the behavior of a typical cockney family under the bombs. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make the play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Tues. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's new farce, with Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Staged and produced by John C. Wilson. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man with Blond Hair—A play by Norman Krasna, produced by Mr. Krasna and Frank Ross. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat., Nov. 6 and 8, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—The locale of George Abbott's latest comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Tues., Nov. 11.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton in the original Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Tues., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Tues. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—*Gertrude Lawrence in something* that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is excellent. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter wrote most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Tues. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—The most intelligent of the past season's musicals has undergone many cast replacements, none for the better. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in a superior musical comedy that is somehow concerned with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher and James Dunn are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Tues. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Walrus and the Carpenter—Pauline Lord in a comedy by A. N. Langley. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Sat., Nov. 8. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Spring Again—A comedy by Isabel Leighton and Bertram Bloch, with Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Mon., Nov. 10. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in the Shakespeare tragedy. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by Mr. Evans. Opens Tues., Nov. 11. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Theatre—A play by Somerset Maugham and Guy Bolton, with Cornelia Otis Skinner heading the cast. Staged and produced by John Golden. Opens Wed., Nov. 12. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Little Dark Horse—An adaptation by Theresa Helburn of a play by André Birabeau, with Cecilia Loftus and Walter Slezak. Produced by Donald Blackwell and Raymond Curtis. Opens Thurs., Nov. 13. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Play with Fire—A murder play by Edward Percy, with Henry Hull. Staged and produced by Reginald Denham. Opens Sat., Nov. 15. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Chinese Benefit—Elsa Maxwell *will be mistress of* ceremonies at an entertainment in which Mady Christians, Luise Rainer, and Hazel Scott, among others, will participate: Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:45. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Nov. 6-8 and 13-15, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Jack and the Beanstalk," Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—This largely American group, under the sponsorship of the New Opera Company, will present "Les Sylphides," "Bluebeard," and "Gala Performance," Wed. Eve., Nov. 12; "Swan Lake," "Beloved," and "Slavonika," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13; "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., Nov. 14; "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Slavonika," Sat. Aft., Nov. 15; "Les Sylphides," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "The Wayward Daughter," Sat. Eve., Nov. 15. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Eves. at 8:30; Mat. at 2:30.)

Jooss Ballet—This company will present "Ballade," "The Big City," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," and "The Green Table," Thurs., Sat., Tues., and Fri. Eves., Nov. 6, 8, 11, and 14, and Sun. Aft., Nov. 9; "The Prodigal Son," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Fri. and Wed. Eves., Nov. 7 and 12; "The Seven Heroes," "Pavane," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sat. Afts., Nov. 8 and 15, and Sun. Eve., Nov. 9; "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "A Spring Tale," and "The Green Table," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13; "The Seven Heroes," "The Big City," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Sat. Eve., Nov. 15. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Gertrude Niesen is now appearing on these tropical premises, along with Charles Baum's orchestra and some samba specialists.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular local winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Val Ernie's orchestra will be replaced by Joseph C. Smith's on Wed., Nov. 12; Eddie Davis's will stay on.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Renée De

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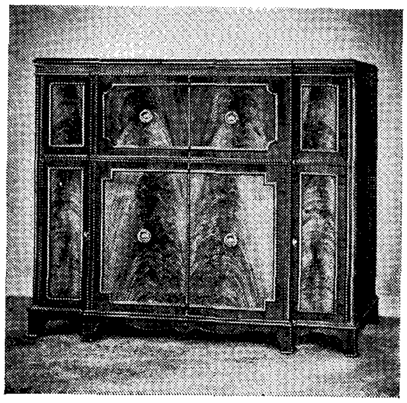

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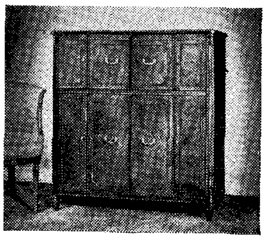

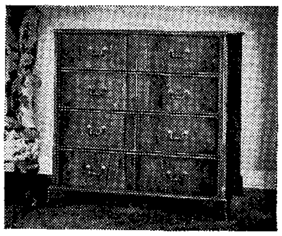

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Marco is dancing by herself in this old reliable, where Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras play for dancing. . . . The Monte Carlo Beach, next door, has Phil D'Arcy's orchestra and almost no sand.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Peggy Fears is singing in the new Cotillion Room, where the music is by William Scotty's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jean Sablon, in the Persian Room, sings French torch songs and peps up some old folk tunes. Gower and Jeanne are a sprightly dance team, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons and Billy de Wolfe head the show way up there in the clouds. The music is by Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and other ice-skaters are cutting up in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Nicholas Matthey's orchestra plays for dancing in La Maisonette, downstairs.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Café Lounge, with Bob Grant's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Seems to have outlasted the Aquarium. Music by Pat Barbara's orchestra.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Frances Mercer and Mili Monti are heading the floor show. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Larry Adler and his harmonica are in the Wedgwood Room and so, at the supper hour, is Paul Draper. Both will leave on Thurs., Nov. 13, and on the following evening Georges and Jalna will start dancing at dinner and supper and Tito Guizar will come in at the supper hour. Eddy Duchin's orchestra will play on. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant at the supper hour.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim place, where, through Wed., Nov. 12, you'll find Maxine Sullivan heading the list of entertainers. No dancing. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): modernistic and cheerful, with Imogene Coca, Eddie Oliver's orchestra, and a dance floor that's almost big enough. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive, small retreat. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra will be replaced by Nick D'Amico's on Wed., Nov. 12. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the main attraction. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the all-Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby and his band are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is there too. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below. No dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings, and Chris Kay's orchestra. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Art Jarrett's orchestra will be replaced by Henry King's on Fri., Nov. 7. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded cranny, with Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but likable. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you may find the Calypso singers diverting. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, but Georgie Price heads the show and Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Teddy Wilson's orchestra and Ammons and Johnson, and where outlanders are also welcome. Closed Mon. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's band will replace the Dead Enders on Fri., Nov. 7. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his quartet; on Mon., a juke box. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): there's Benny Carter's band and Art Tatum is at the keyboard, which is all you need to know.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICAN AND FRENCH—Marin leads a list that includes oils by Dove and O'Keeffe and three early Picassos, plus a group of photographs by Stieglitz: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

BLAKE—Loan show, a war-relief benefit, of the recently discovered set of illustrations this English master made for "Pilgrim's Progress," some being really grandiose in conception: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8.

BOHROD—New paintings and gouaches by a wryly perceptive Chicago artist: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

BOUDIN—Seascapes and dockside scenes as only he could paint them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

BURCHFIELD—Water colors, mostly big ones and mostly justifying their size: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8.

FAUVIST PAINTING—Works by Matisse, Braque, Derain, and other modern masters, all done in their early, hell-raising period. A thoroughly lively show: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22.

FRENCH—At the **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: oils by contemporary artists, including Utrillo, Matisse, Soutine, and Van Dongen. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 29. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: oils by twentieth-century Paris painters, from Bonnard and Bérard to Lurçat and Dali. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **FRENCH ART,** 51 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Chagall, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **MAYER,** 41 E. 57: etchings and lithographs, some of them in rare pre-finished stages, by Georges Rouault. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: oils and gouaches by Rouault, Picasso, Utrillo, and Dufy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

JONGKIND—A set of his little-known etchings and drawings, mainly of seaside scenes and unbelievably swift and sunny: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15

KLEE—Selections from his paintings and water colors of all periods. Some fine pieces: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 29.

KOKOSCHKA—Minor retrospective of oils and other works by an Austrian painter who succeeds perhaps better than most in taming the Expressionist idiom: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

LEBDUSKA—Strange flowers and still stranger animals, mixed together in his curiously exotic, effective way: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Comprehensive showing of etchings by Piranesi, including many of his great architectural subjects (through Dec. 31); also, a hundred and twenty contemporary American water colors in a varied, eclectic exhibit (through Sun., Nov. 9). . . . An exhibition of children's books, assembled by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, will be shown in the Junior Museum through Nov. 16. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Memorabilia of Isadora Duncan, including photographs and drawings by various artists, letters, and so on. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

PLEISSNER AND BAILEY—Smoothly decorative landscapes by the first; the second shows pleasantly peaceful upstate scenes: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17.

RENOIR—Eighty-five paintings, some never exhibited here before, in a big, authoritative loan show, for the benefit of the Free French Relief Committee: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 8, through Dec. 6.

VLAMINCK AND PEIRCE—An odd combination, but since both men combine a slapdash style with general honesty, it goes very well: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 14.

HERE AND THERE—At the **MCMILLEN,** 148 E. 55: paintings by contemporary Negro artists, and African sculptures from the Crowninshield collection. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 7. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings and sculptures by Richard Warren Pousette-Dart. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 10. . . . **BONESTELL,** 106 E. 57: early works by Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, and other Mexican artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: recent paintings by British artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: pastels by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: sculptures by José de Creeft. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 22. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: works by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Russell Cowles. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and drawings by George Grosz. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15. . . . **FINE ARTS,** 215 W. 57: annual exhibition sponsored by the Allied Artists of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 8, at 8:45; Sun.

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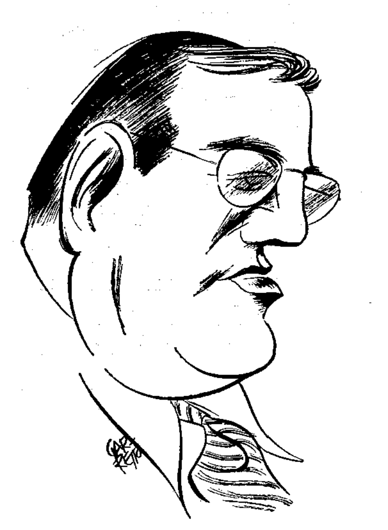
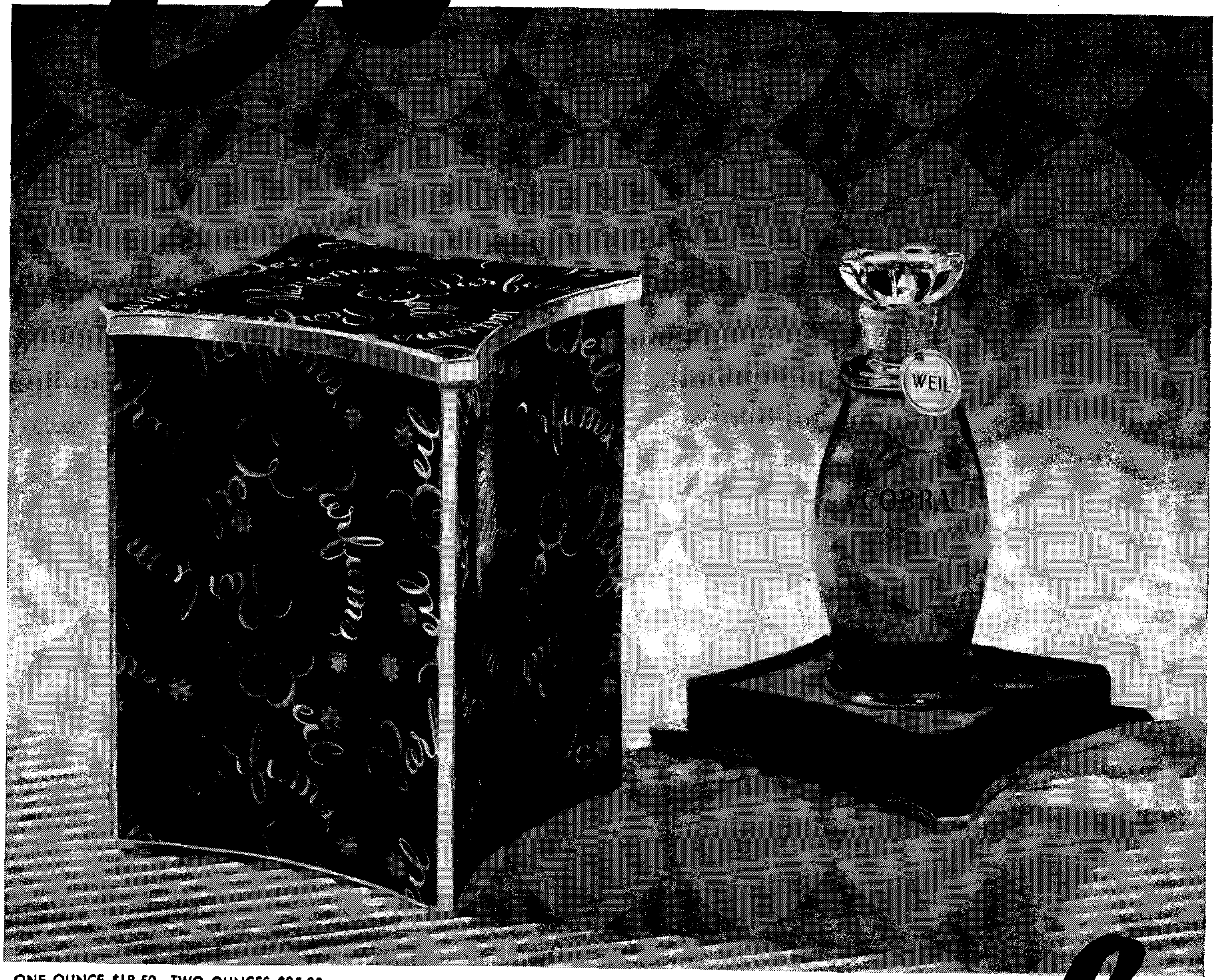


OTIS TROWBRIDGE,

who is acting, for the tenth consecutive year, as announcer at the National Horse Show. He's a sound engineer and public-address man by profession, and never saw a horse show until he was invited to attend one in Bronxville and bring his microphone. Since then he has averaged fifty or sixty sporting events a year, announcing them all. He's never been astride a horse.

Cobra



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aft., Nov. 9, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 14, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 15, at 8:45. (Special features: the Mozart Requiem, with the Westminster Choir and soloists, Nov. 6, 7, and 9; Schnabel, Nov. 13-14.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Rachmaninoff: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 8:45.

N.B.C. Symphony—Stokowski conducting: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 9:20. (CO 5-9089.)

New York City Symphony—Morel conducting; soloist, Brailowsky: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:45.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting; soloist, Feuermann: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 8:45.

Benefit—José and Amparo Iturbi, Zino Francescatti, Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, and others appearing in a concert for Bundles for Britain: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Morn., Nov. 10, at 11. (Admission, a donation of woollen clothes.)

Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra—Barnett conducting; soloist, Stell Andersen: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

Coffee Concert—Flamenco music and dancing, in the second program of a series: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 9. (CI 5-8900.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—E. Robert Schmitz, Fri. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:30; Ernest Hutcheson, Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:30; Claudio Arrau, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:30; Josef Lhevinne, Sat. Aft., Nov. 15, at 2:30. . . . Chamber Music Hall: Sergei Radamsky and Marie Williams, Fri. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:45.

Town Hall—Elisabeth Schumann, Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 3; New Friends of Music (Primrose Quartet and Jan Smeterlin), Sun. Aft., Nov. 9, at 5:30; Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, Wed. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:45; Paulina Ruvinska, Fri. Eve., Nov. 14, at 8:45.

OPERA

New Opera Company—Presenting "La Vie Parisienne," Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Nov. 6-9, and Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 8:15, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2:15. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

SPORTS

National Horse Show—This year it's for the benefit of the U.S.O., with jeep cars in a sham battle at every performance: Madison Square Garden. Eves. at about 7:45; Afts., except Sun., at about 2; through Wed., Nov. 12.

Football—On SAT. AFT., NOV. 8: Cornell vs. Yale, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2; Manhattan vs. Boston University, Polo Grounds, at 2; Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Missouri, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia, at 2; Penn State vs. Syracuse, State College, Pa., at 2; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton, at 2.

SAT. AFT., NOV. 15: Columbia vs. Michigan, Baker Field, at 2; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Brown, Cambridge, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Tulane, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at 2; Williams vs. Amherst, Williamstown, at 2; Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven, at 2.

A special train will leave Penn Station for Princeton on Sat., Nov. 8, at 11:50 A.M., and one will leave Grand Central for New Haven on Sat., Nov. 15, at 11:15 A.M.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES—Sun. Aft., Nov. 9: Giants vs. Detroit, Polo Grounds, at 2:05; Dodgers vs. Washington, Ebbets Field, at 2.

Hunt Races—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat., Nov. 8, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Montpelier Hunt, Montpelier Station, Va., Sat., Nov. 15, at 1:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 13; Rangers vs. Boston, Sat., Nov. 15.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, light-heavyweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Nov. 14; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Flower Show—The thirty-fourth annual fall exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77. Fri. and Sat., Nov. 7-8, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and Sun., Nov. 9, from 1 to 5 P.M.

Photographic Shows—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: about a hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers from all parts of the country. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: fifty portraits by Arnold Genthe of people in the theatre. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 23. . . . CAMERA CLUB, 121 W. 68: the annual exhibition of the New York Salon of Photography, with entries from all over the world. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 30. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: two hundred portraits by George Platt Lynes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 15.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6,
THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Aft., Nov. 9, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Tues. Eve., Nov. 11, at 9:30, WJZ.

Horse Show Ball—Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., Nov. 10, at 11.

Benefit—Water colors painted in recent months by boys and girls in France and about fifty photographs by Eugene Atgêt are being shown to help French children: 4 W. 58. Mon., 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 11:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Part II of the Edward S. Knapp collection of stamps: Thurs. and Fri. Afts. and Eves., Nov. 6-7, at 2 and 8, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2. . . . English, American, and French furniture, and jewelry, silver, books, textiles, and rugs, from the estate of the late Katherine Sanford Nielson: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 6-8, at 2. . . . Ornithological texts, books by the Ashendene, Kelmscott, and other presses, and first editions, from the estate of the late Albert May Todd: Wed. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 12, at 2 and 8:15, and Thurs. and Fri. Afts., Nov. 13-14, at 2. . . . The Arthur Curtiss James collection of British and Barbizon paintings, English and European furniture, and Gothic sculptures and tapestries: Thurs. Eve., Nov. 13, at 8:15, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 14-15, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

Citizen Kane—Orson Welles' extraordinary study of a rich man and his life. A superb and triumphant business. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 8-10.)

Dive Bomber—On the education of our young pilots, with some excellent views of flying. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are involved. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Nov. 7.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—A disappointing and pretentious and not very horrifying retelling of the story. With Spencer Tracy, and much aided by Ingrid Bergman. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Nov. 12.)

Dumbo—The latest Disney and a delight for young and old, as it is just something in his own special manner. Easy and charming—about a baby elephant, you know. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

The Girl in the News—A British murder-and-mystery film that is being a comfort to many. Directed by Carol Reed of "Night Train," and featuring Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 7.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—In which Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains prove to us that being dead needn't prevent a man from taking an active interest in such mundane matters as prizefighting and blondes. A-1, if you like fantasy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 12-13.)

How Green Was My Valley—Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon in a dignified, and yet at times very stirring, story of life among the miners of Wales. A skillfully handled film. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

It Started with Eve—Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton, as youth and age, respectively, in a good-natured comedy of the rich and the poor, the beautiful and the ugly. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 10. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 12.)

Ladies in Retirement—A polished, fine little murder story, very much like the original play, though now with Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward in its cast. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

The Little Foxes—That sinister, formidable family life of the Deep South as revealed by Lillian Hellman, first in her play and now in this expert movie version. Bette Davis at her most formidable, with Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs., Nov. 6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Tues., Nov. 7-11. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., Nov. 12.)

The Reluctant Dragon—The Disney studios, visited by Robert Benchley, who makes a wild tour through them. At its best in incidental moments of straight fairy story. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Nov. 10.)

Sergeant York—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Wed., Nov. 12.)

Target for Tonight—An impressive, literal, and realistic account of an R.A.F. raid on a German town. No nonsense or fabrication, and intensely interesting. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Nov. 7.)

Unfinished Business—Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery very much at ease throughout a lot of foolishness that at times is quite funny indeed. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 11-15. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 12-13.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Thurs., Nov. 13.)

Fire Over England (1937)—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 8. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 11-12.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Nov. 6.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 10-12.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Nov. 6. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 8-11.)

Love Me Forever (1935)—Grace Moore singing and Leo Carillo gambling. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 11-13.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Nov. 9.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Nov. 6.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Nov. 7.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 7-10.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scotch village and some dogs in an English comedy. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 12-14.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Nov. 7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS., NOV. 6: "Hallelujah" (1929), Nina Mae McKinney. FRI. AND SAT., NOV. 7-8: "The Love Parade" (1929), Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. SUN. AND MON., NOV. 9-10: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson. TUES. AND WED., NOV. 11-12: "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo. THURS. AND FRI., NOV. 13-14: "Morocco" (1930), Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper. SAT., NOV. 15: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were sitting in what our landlord describes as the garden behind our house when the cook brought out a man in a derby hat. During the past year the city housing authorities have been very busy in our neighborhood, tearing down walls, moving fire escapes, and rearranging things generally. Naturally, we thought this visitor had come for the same purpose, but he hadn't.

"Inspector," he explained, "for when they get to tossing them bombs around."

He stared up at the back of the four-story brownstone building for quite a while and then wrote briefly in a notebook.

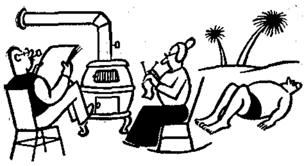
"Look all right?" we asked as he started to leave.

"All right?" he said derisively. "Hell, they're going to knock these kind over with baseballs."

In this manner the crisis first impinged on our home. It was very encouraging.

WE can't say we were as shocked as Mrs. Roosevelt was by the Nazi edict requiring all unmarried German girls to have at least one illegitimate child by the nearest certified Aryan soldier, but we were a bit surprised. We had known, of course, that that sort of thing went on sporadically in the cozy informality of the blackouts, but we hadn't imagined that it was official enough for Heinrich Himmler to proclaim with graceful symbolism, "A girl evading her highest duty is a traitor, just like a soldier deserting his flag." This seemed to us a convincing picture of the Nazi mind at work, and we were particularly grateful a day or so later to be able to contrast it with the British touch in such things. Sir Ian Hamilton, reviewing Canadian troops in England, disclosed a heart as tender and patriotic as any Nazi's, but combined it with a Britannia herself. "You might get married here," he told the visiting warriors. "You might have a Canadian baby born in England. Think what a bond that would be."

THE city of the future is going to be comfortable, but it is going to be full of wrecked lives. Speaking to a group of building superintendents, Mr. D. A. Newton, an air-conditioning engineer, said that the day is not far off when whole towns will be roofed over and air-conditioned, like night clubs. "As we walk from one building to another, it will be along pleasant sidewalks or arcades, also completely air-conditioned," he told a man from the *Herald Tribune*. No rain, no wind, no slush, no gloom of night. We don't see anything in this but an encouragement to vagrancy and the breakdown of the family as a social force. Our theory is that the strength of the home is in direct ratio to the discomfort of the weather—a conclusion easily arrived at by comparing the simplicity of life in, say, Maine, where everybody has to hang around the stove, to the often bizarre preoccupations that are found in California and Florida, where you can stay out all year round with nothing but a silk muffler. Let science make the gutter as comfortable as the living room and the divorce rate will triple in a decade. The home will be a fading memory, like the Conestoga wagon. After all, Louisa May Alcott didn't get the material for "Little Women" in Miami Beach.



THOSE twin genii, the radio and the phonograph, are up to a lot of fascinating new tricks these days. The battleship Alabama, we note, is being warships to a list of melodic products that already includes Cluett Peabody shirts, Curtiss Hawk airplanes, and Pepsodent. Such varied uses have been found for recorded sound effects of London bombings as curing shell-shocked soldiers, lending a warlike atmosphere to a recent police show in Madison Square Garden, conditioning British civilians to air-raid noises, and scaring the audience

us, too, which

lush Tchaikovsky, the clatter of riveting, the gentle ooze of toothpaste, the screeching of the sirens, the baby's first thin cry, the exploding actors, and, through all the racket, the hoarse, derisive interpolations of the heckler, like an intermission commentator who had happened to show up drunk.

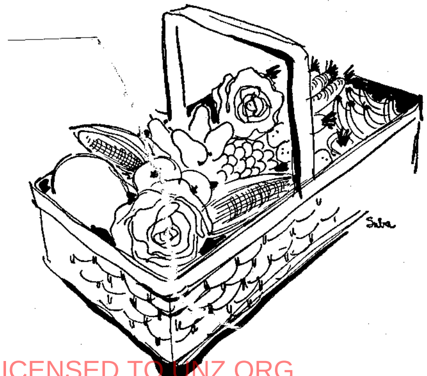
IN *Variety*, which we read far too seldom, we have just come across one of the nicest little stories of the year sentence: "After a running gun-fight through downtown Buffalo streets, Joseph Russell, 33, paroled convict, was arrested by Post Office inspectors charged with fraudulent use of the mails in selling counterfeit, plagiarized and untrue articles to magazines." Among this strange desperado's victims were the *Reader's Digest*, *Coronet*, and several detective-story magazines hypothetically dedicated to the truth; his technique usually consisted in writing biographies of wholly imaginary police officials, complete with bogus photographs and forged affidavits; when he was captured several of these unusual manuscripts were found in his possession. In spite of the liveliest efforts of their publishers and press agents, writers usually strike us as moderately dispirited people; too much of the vital elixir, perhaps, seeps away in the agony of creation, leaving too little for life itself. In Mr. Russell, however, we have a literary figure not only capable of thinking up and selling majestic falsehoods but also reckless enough to shoot it out with the cops when something slips up. We admire his cynical and adventurous spirit. The profession could do with more like him.

Words and Music

WE daresay that the only musical-comedy composing team in the business that can't—or at any rate won't—tell which writes the music and which the words is the team of Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, who wrote the songs for "Best Foot Forward," the new musical comedy. All they'll admit is that they collaborate on both the words and the music and that they took up residence in a Philadelphia hotel room early last summer and came out of it a month later with twenty-six songs, of which thirteen are being sung in "Best Foot Forward." They pointed out to us hopefully that they still have enough for another musical. They now share an apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, and there we interviewed them last week, it having become apparent that "Foot" was, in Broadway parlance, *in.* Both lads are twenty-seven, and they have been associated in a number of musical enterprises. With two sisters, Phyllis Rogers and Jo Jean Rogers, they formed a quartet professionally known as The Martins, which performed twenty-six weeks straight on the Fred Allen radio program and then went into Ed Wynn's "Hooray for What!" Also, they admit to having done "vocal arrangements" (whatever vocal arrangements may be) for three previous Abbott musicals: "The Boys from Syracuse," "Too Many Girls," and "Pal Joey."

Both collaborators profess to be equally at home among grace notes or internal rhymes, but the sad truth is that their lyrics got kind of a razzing from the critics. For example, they gave one of the singers in their show the chore of delivering this line: "Like a Methodist preacher loves his pews, that's how I love the blues." Their only defense is that they got their rhymes out of a standard rhyming dictionary. Both play the piano and sing, but Martin is the better pianist and Blane the better singer. Blane's real name is Hunsecker, and he's of Pennsylvania Dutch stock. He was born in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, which, he remembers, used to refer to itself as the "City of Roses, Sparkling Spring Water, Dial Telephone System, and a Lady Mayor." He studied voice, sang small rôles with the St. Louis Municipal Opera, and came to New York as a staff tenor at N.B.C., where he met Martin. Martin was born in Birmingham, Alabama ("It was called the Magic City, because it sprang up overnight," he told Blane, rather cattily, in our presence), and he arrived at N.B.C. via the Birmingham Conservatory of Music.

The boys are now taking in four or five hundred dollars a week each, "Or," Martin told us, "about nine times what we ever made before." Martin has no organized way of throwing this money away, but Blane spreads himself on color photography. He also has a fondness for odd pets; once, when he was living on West Fifty-fifth Street, he had a resident ocelot, toucan, and South American bugle bird which bugled "Yankee Doodle." Our suspicion is that, given time, the boys may become a sort of collective Cole Porter, especially if they can find a good, large rhyming dictionary. We'd seen "Best Foot Forward" before we met Martin and Blane and were interested especially in their resourcefulness and daring in lining up rhymes for "blues." They had such words as dues, cruise, pews (as previously noted), clues, booze, brews, tattoos, ruse, snooze, youse, sous, cues, news, flues, mews, ewes, lose, caboose, and papoose, admittedly a formidable collection. They all came out of the rhyming dictionary.



Rising Costs

GIRL we know went into her neighborhood bakery last week and said, "A nickel's worth of rolls, please." The clerk handed them over and told her, "That will be seven cents, please."

Set Tails

THE "setting" of horses' tails is a subject you don't hear much discussed in horsy circles and we bring it up at this moment only because it interests us as a sort of bootleg practice and an example of the stubbornness of people. The operation of setting involves severing the muscles that enable the horse to switch his tail and keeping the broken tail bound in the proper position until it stays that way. Well, since 1933 it has been illegal to set a horse's tail in the State of New York, or to exhibit a horse whose tail has been set, "unless"—we quote the statute—"such cutting or operation is necessary to the life or health of said animal, as certified in writing by a licensed veterinarian." The National Horse Show will be jam-packed with saddle horses whose lives have been saved in the nick of time were home quite a lot. "That's nice," she said. "And where do you live?" "In Flushing," one of them told her. "We just come from there."

Progressive Librarian

WE recently paid a neighborly call on Franklin Ferguson Hopper, the new director of the Public Library, and noted several signs of progress which might well give Commissioner Moses pause in his flaying of local repositories of culture. For one thing, Mr. Hopper has removed the roll top from the old roll-top desk inherited from his predecessor, Dr. Harry Lydenberg, leaving a flat, up-to-date desk. For another, instead of working, like Dr. L., with only one desk lamp turned on in the late afternoon, he switches on all the lights in his room. Moreover, he has discarded an old-fashioned swivel armchair used by all previous Library directors since it was bought by the late Dr. John Shaw Billings, director from 1895 to 1913. When we remarked on this, Mr. Hopper led us to the chair, now relegated to a corner of the room, and sat down on it abruptly. The chair lurched forward, throwing Mr. Hopper on the floor. "That's why I don't use it," he said in a pleased way as we helped him to his feet. "I don't know how Dr. Lydenberg ever mastered it."

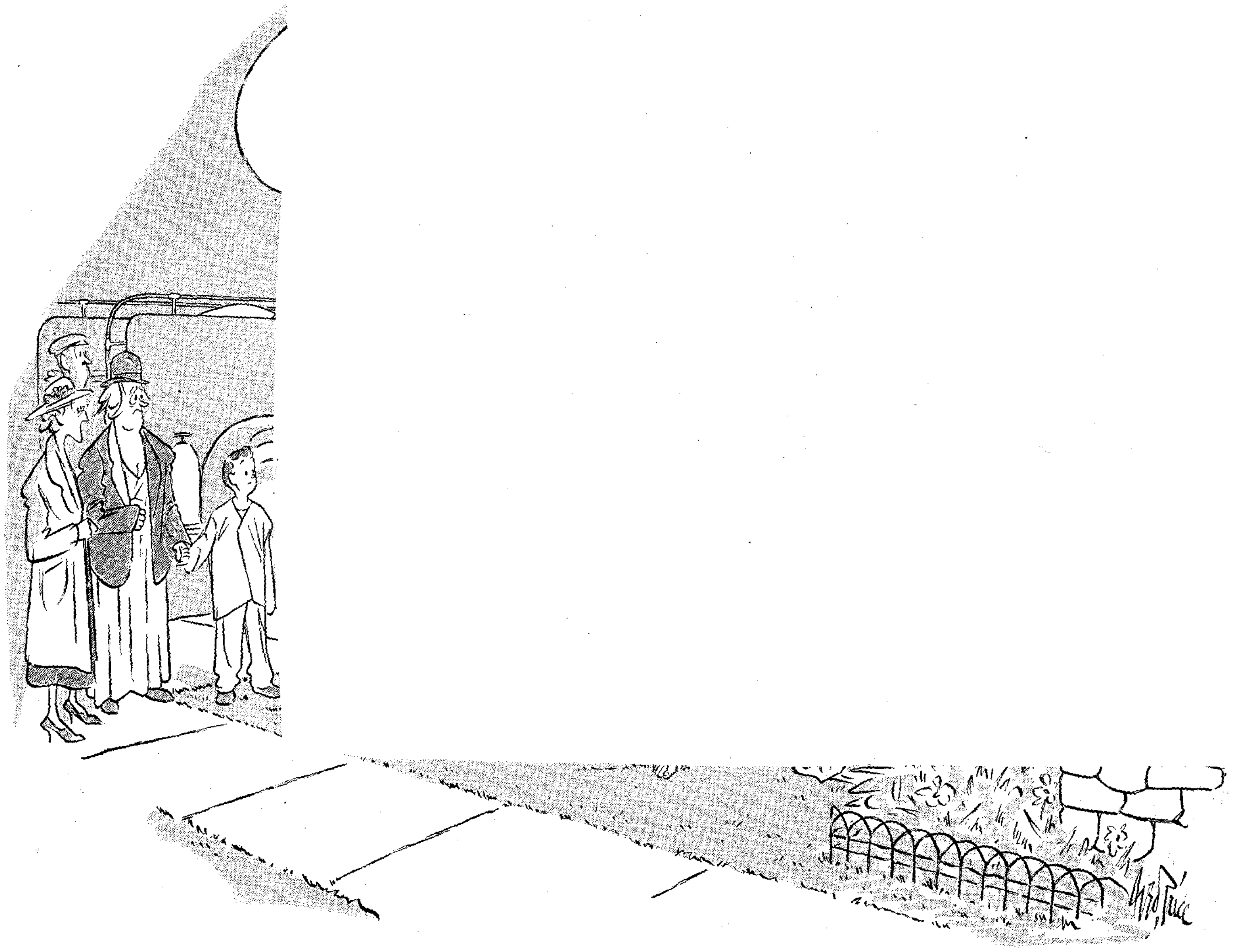
Mr. Hopper is a short, agile, friendly man, and he came to the directorship after twenty-two years as chief of the Library's circulation department. In this capacity he had charge of the Library's sixty branches and had a good deal of experience wheedling and needling the City Fathers, since the Library's annual circulation-department expenses of around $1,600,000 are paid almost entirely by the city. Reference-department expenses, around $1,500,000, come from endowment funds and contributions from the trustees. Before Mr. Hopper's circulation job, he was chief of the Library's order division, and before *that* he spent thirteen years working in the Library of Congress, the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, and the public library in Tacoma, Washington. "It's God's country out there," he said. "My office looked right out on Mount Rainier, forty miles away." Mr. Hopper's New York office looks out on the Farmers Loan & Trust Co. and he lives in Chappaqua. William Shirer has been his next-door neighbor there for the past nine months, but Mr. Hopper has never met him.

The new director, who was born in New Jersey sixty-three years ago, got the idea of becoming a librarian while at Princeton; he was interested in the daughter of a librarian at the time. This interest waned, but he went ahead with the library idea. He is currently working with the trustees on a project to put up a new building to house the central circulation branch, now at headquarters, thus freeing for other purposes some much-needed space at Forty-second Street. The Library has the necessary funds for this, he advised us, thanks to an 1896 bequest from one Ezekiel J. Donnell; the latest annual report lists it at $2,438,574.39. The Library has its eye on a site on West Fifty-fourth Street, and plans have already been drawn up. Another Hopper project, and a less promising one to date, is to get rid of the Stuart Collection of shells, minerals, paintings, and statuary, which graces a huge gallery on the third floor. These objects were inherited in less choosy days from a lady whose will stipulated that they be permanently exhibited in a room that would be closed to the public Sundays. "We have plenty of lawyers on our board," said Mr. Hopper, "but they can't figure any way of legally putting the Stuart Collection in the cellar."

Mr. Hopper edited his Princeton class's forty-year book in 1940 and was too modest to include a writeup of himself contributed by one of his classmates, Aymar Embury II, the architect. Embury had it printed privately, though, and we once saw a copy. "There is no corner of human knowledge that he has not to some extent explored," it read in part, "and no society of learned men with whom he cannot converse with intelligence and understanding."

Code

BRITISHERS aren't allowed by the censor to tell people over here about tidbits they are hankering for; whether it's fear of starting exaggerated rumors of famine or giving an impression that



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by a tail-setting and whose owners have certificates from veterinarians to prove it. Only saddle horses, though; it's not fashionable to set the tails of hunters.

Firmly delving into this disagreeable field of research, we had a chat last week with Sydney Coleman, executive vice-president of the A.S.P.C.A., who told us, first off, that there *might* be legitimate reasons for operating on a horse's tail; the tail might, for example, get broken while the animal was travelling in a horse van or boxcar. "I leave it to your imagination how often this would happen," Mr. Coleman continued. As for the veterinary certificate justifying a tail which has been set purely by way of beauty treatment, he said that although ethical standards are generally pretty high among vets, you can always find one willing to relax his standards for "a piece of change." This is all the more likely for the reason that lots of people believe that the horse likes it. Other people point out that women wear (or wore) corsets and children with buckteeth submit to wearing braces. Mr. Coleman rejects these arguments, merely remarking that nobody has ever got a straight answer from a horse as to whether or not he liked having his tail set.

Nobody, probably, has done more for the natural-drape tail than Mrs. Fitch Gilbert, who is Pete Bostwick's mother. She was an industrious lobbyist for the 1933 legislation, and at the Horse Shows of 1938 and 1939 offered prizes totalling $2,000 for three-gaited horses with unset tails. This was far and away the richest event in these Shows, but the exhibitors shied away from it and, if you ask Mr. Coleman, did everything they could to freeze Mrs. Gilbert out. Only a few horses were entered, and of the two who won in '38 and '39 one later underwent setting. Furthermore, there was some hissing and booing from the horsy set while the prizes were being awarded. Mrs. Gilbert withdrew her prizes and herself from the Horse Show. Aside from New York, only New Jersey and Massachusetts have laws against setting horses' tails, and the future looks dark for the anti-set-tail junto, unless, as Mr. Coleman hopes, they can bring about a change of popular sentiment on the subject by making people realize that a horse with a set tail is an unaesthetic sight.

Far from Home

A WARMHEARTED Long Island family got in touch with the U.S.O. the other day and offered to take in a couple of soldiers for Sunday dinner. When the boys arrived, they were plied with fried chicken and mashed potatoes, but through it all they remained rather glum and uncommunicative. In an effort to stir up conversation, the hostess remarked that she supposed they didn't get home very often. They said they

they're yearning for luxuries, we don't know. At any rate, there is the pathetic story of Miss Vivien Leigh, who got a letter from old friends in this country asking what she wanted most and immediately wrote back that what she wanted most was "just a bad actor now and then." Unfortunately, her friends here were as obtuse as the censor and didn't think of the three-letter word Miss Leigh had in mind for "bad actor." They merely wrote back a light little paragraph playfully mentioning various young men Miss Leigh had met out on the Coast. Somebody might do something about this.

Seats for Eighty-six

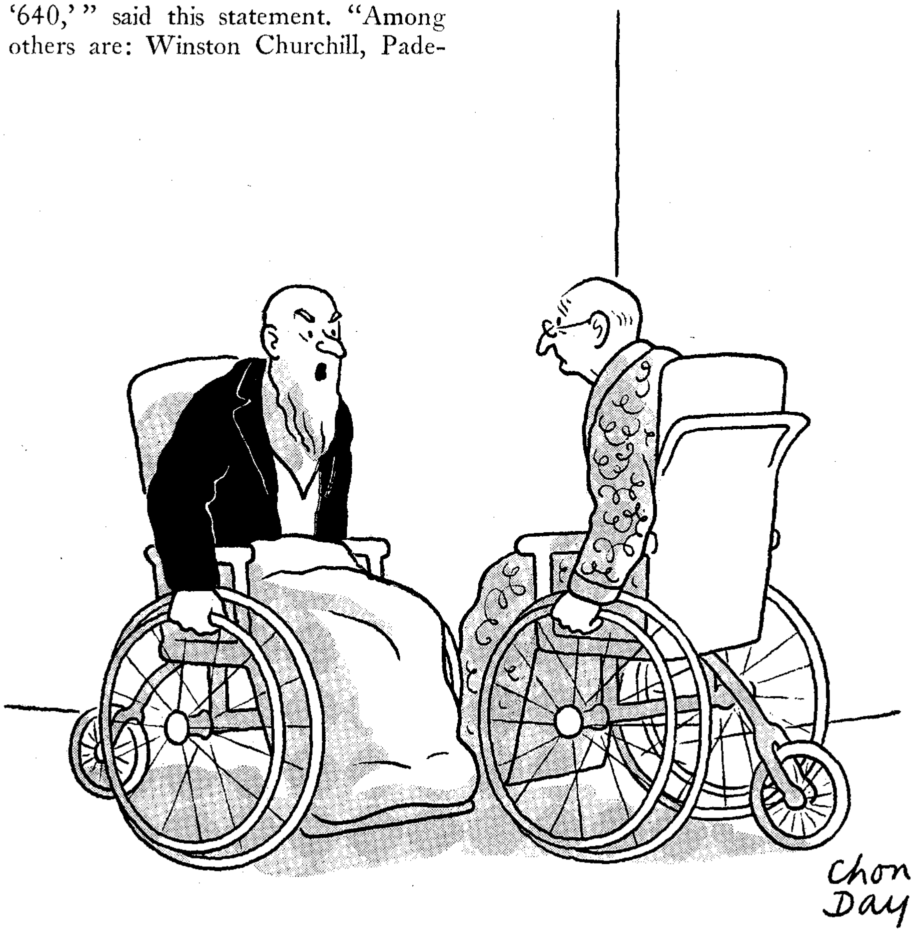
AMONG the first to take advantage of the opening to the public last week of the lower part of the Vanderbilt house at Fifty-first Street and Fifth Avenue were ourself and two middle-aged ladies, one of whom was the victim of some kind of glutton. "Here he comes last Saturday and eats us out of house and home," one of the ladies was saying to the other as we walked in, "and he's at it again today!" All three of us paid $1.10 each at the door and learned from the young lady who took our money that the funds thus collected will be used to buy furnishings for the recreation rooms of soldiers at Army camps near New York. Roundabout, perhaps, but ingenious. "This is the library, I presume," said the same lady who had spoken before. "Yes, the sign says so," said the other. "Seats for eighteen, I see," said the first lady, after rapidly counting the chairs and couches.

Red velvet ropes prevented us from examining the books in the library, but we managed to make out that there was a long row of bound volumes of *Punch* on the bottom shelf. Proceeding to a small salon, we caught up with the two ladies just as they had counted seats for fourteen, figuring three on the big couch and two on the settee under the window. "She wrote that she was coming to get me at half past seven. Imagine!" said the glutton's hostess. "That meant I had to get up at the crack of day. I've simply made up my mind never to go to the country for a weekend again unless they send the car no earlier than nine." After the small salon came the music room, facing Fifty-first Street and furnished with a piano, a harp, and forty-six small chairs. A large hall came next, labelled merely "This way" and containing some paintings on the walls and an enormous table on which were four volumes called "Lavater on Physiognomy." We asked a guard standing there if we could look into these, but he smiled tolerantly and said, "Not permitted." There was a large Daubigny pastoral on the wall, and after looking at it, the glutton lady said to the other lady, "I think we'll enjoy that Art of Tomorrow exhibition, don't you, dear?" They went through the breakfast room and the dining room fast, and so did we. In the ballroom they made themselves comfortable on two of what turned out to be eighty-six chairs. "Did you see where George gave away his yacht to the government?" our lady was saying as we went by. The other lady never seemed to say much.

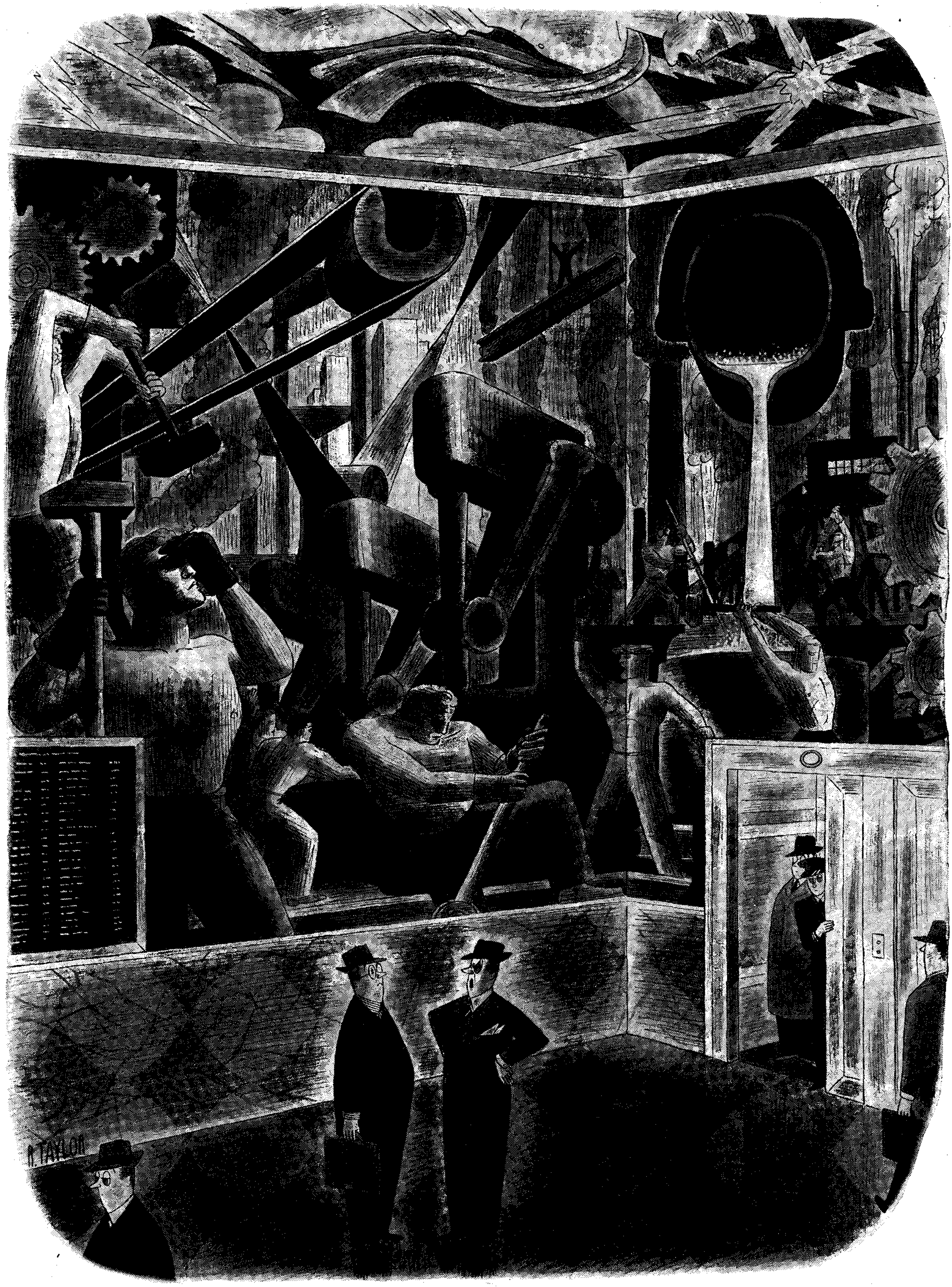
After the ballroom, we found ourself back where we had started and asked the young lady at the door if we were permitted to go upstairs. "Oh, my God no! Lady Mountbatten is living up there," she said. She gave us some mimeographed matter, from which we learned that this Vanderbilt house had been altered in 1915 at a cost of approximately $575,000. "Most of the Royalties, Personalities and Statesmen, Foreign and American, who have visited New York, have been entertained at '640,'" said this statement. "Among others are: Winston Churchill, Paderewski, Marshal Pétain, General Pershing, the Duke of Kent, President Theodore Roosevelt, Margot Asquith, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, the President of the Philippines, Madame Lebrun, wife of the President of France, Eve Curie, Toscanini, the late King Albert of Belgium and his son, and the Queen of Spain." And now us.

Tribal Rite

THIS little tale ambled in tardily from Gallup, New Mexico, where, once every summer, when the tourist crop is ripe, the Indians stage a recital of their tribal dances. Two earnest young anthropologists got into conversation with an Indian and learned that after the closing of the public recital there was to be a special dance, just for Indians. Was it possible, they asked, with bated breath, was there any chance that they might be allowed to watch? The Indian said, in a matter-of-fact way, that he didn't see why not. So, on the appointed night, they showed up at the appointed place, and there were all the Indians, happily shagging to the tune of "Daddy."



"Cut in front of me once more and I'll ram right into y', y' damned old woman!"



"Let's go someplace where we can talk quietly."

he's home," he said, "I'll consult him. In addition to my wrist, I have several severe contusions. But it's more the mental anguish. See, I'm still shaking." He handed Mrs. Malley her mail. "And my glasses might of been broken," he added as he walked away.

By noon that day the whole neighborhood knew what had happened. The postman had found the doctor in, the doctor had treated the contusions and told him the wrist was all right, and had then informed the police. Some time later the dog-catcher came in his wagon and removed Mrs. Walker's Prince to the pound. Telephones rang, small indignation meetings were held in front yards and back yards, and everybody said it was lucky for Dr. Vogel that he was retired, because if he wasn't, he'd get no more patients from *that* neighborhood. Mrs. Malley cautiously said nothing. Nobody had a kind word for the postman; in fact, the general if unexpressed opinion seemed to be that it was a privilege for a mere postman to have been bitten by a thoroughbred collie.

"But personally," said Mrs. Malley, telling her husband about it that night, "I'm glad of it. Maybe it'll teach the rest of the people on this street a lesson."

Mr. Malley shrugged. "It won't make any difference. They'll have Prince back from the pound in a few days, and in another month all the dogs will be unmuzzled again. What do you want to bet?"

NEXT morning, Mrs. Malley opened her door when she saw the postman approaching and went all the way out to the sidewalk to save him from taking the few extra steps. He was more haggard than ever; his eyes were red-rimmed behind the octagonal glasses, his hands trembled, he edged toward her looking at the ground.

"You did the right thing," she told him. "I'm glad it happened."

Slowly he raised his head, and his smile was heartbreaking. "I should of let well enough alone," he said. "To them *all*, I'm a scorpion now, a pariah. Class hatred. They have found an object for their class hatred. It's a terrible thing." He handed Mrs. Malley her letters. "After this, Madam, you better not be seen talking to me any more."

"Why, that's perfectly absurd," said Mrs. Malley. "I'll talk to you all I like."

"I appreciate your idealism," he said, "but you better not, or you'll be tarred with the same brush. It's the way of the world," he said, and he walked off tragically on his appointed rounds.

—DAN WICKENDEN

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NOVEMBER ABSTRACT

All the green summer through, it came incarnate
in scented snowflakes clustered on frail umbels
of Queen Anne's lace, in goldenrod, in cymbals
of dandelion. My fingers have uptorn it
delicately in orchid, trillium, clover,
hepatica, and all the tribe of daisies
and lodged it briefly in my bowls and vases:
beauty to ease my spirit of its fever.

And now I wander through the blond, bleached acres
sucked of their color by the north's sharp hunger,
and with a sober joy, from earth no longer
vital but brought to death's pale browns and ochres,
I pluck the residual beauty, the bones of glamour:
gray goldenrod, brown burdocks, milkweed purses,
and skeletal grass, and their dry beauty pierces
my kindred bones beyond the thrust of summer.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

E S

LEANS

perated by being continually called a man playwright. Her admirers argue that few people could tell, anyway, whether her plays are written by a man or a woman, since they are all distinguished by the kind of intellectual indignation which must be sexless. This is honest tribute, but Miss Hellman has suffered from such praise. People who meet her for the first time are apt to come away murmuring in astonishment, "She's sort of cute, isn't she?," and interviewers who find her in a hostess gown write dazed pieces about her feminine draperies and fail to disclose much else about her. There has been one notable exception among the interviewers. After Miss Hellman's first success, "The Children's Hour," in 1934, a feature-writer for a New York paper called on her and apparently surprised her in a tailored suit and a crisp mood. "She's the kind of girl who can take the tops off bottles with her teeth!" this analyst wrote enthusiastically afterward.

Actually, Lillian Hellman is neither cute nor tough. For a woman with militant undercurrents, her surface behavior is more often mild than not, and she is genuinely feminine to a degree that borders engagingly on the wacky. Although of reasonable argument. "If that's true," she said, "why doesn't your hand get burned worse if you hold it a foot above a radiator than it does if you put it right on top?" There is nothing coy about Miss Hellman's helplessness in the face of geography and physics. Defeated by them, she dismisses them with a word, generally of four letters.

Lillian Hellman's face and appearance are not well known to the public in spite of her three hit plays, the Drama Critics Circle Award for 1941 to her "Watch on the Rhine," and the various pictures she has written or adapted for Hollywood—"Dead End," "The Dark Angel," "These Three" (a movie version of "The Children's Hour"), and "The Little Foxes," from her stage play of that name. She is five feet three inches tall, and slim, with reddish hair, a fine, aquiline nose, and a level, humorous mouth. When she is in repose or talking business, her nose and mouth give her a fleeting and curious resemblance to the familiar Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington. At parties, dressed in chiffon or white lace, she has the gift of creating an illusion of beauty. Her voice is flexible and interesting, and her hands, feet, and legs amply reward

pleasure she takes in them.
:lothes and is so sensitive to
the right or wrong dress has
vn to produce a momentary
disaster in her social career.
‹ or so after the opening of
:le Foxes," she was invited to
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce
Waldorf Towers apartment.
e is famous as Clare Boothe, a
ho would just as soon be called
playwright. Another guest was
Thompson, the columnist and
After dinner the ladies, leav-
en to their cigars and brandies,
to Mrs. Luce's powder room,
nversation sprang up between
ss and Miss Thompson about a
Dorothy Parker had made to
Maugham when she had met
ek or so before. "I am a great
of your style," Mr. Maugham
to Mrs. Parker, and Mrs.
ad replied, "Thank you, Mr.
m. I have always admired you
you have no style." This, a
pliment from one discriminat-
er to another, was construed by
Luce and Thompson as a deadly insult to a dean of English letters. Miss Hellman, whose best woman friend is Dorothy Parker, listened in silence as long as she could and then mistakenly tried to explain to the two what Mrs. Parker had meant. They stared at her and, it is said by other witnesses, giggled. A few minutes later, in the drawing room, they approached her in tandem, so to speak, drawing up chairs to the couch where she rather miserably sat.

"We're going to *heckle* you, Miss Hellman," said Mrs. Luce archly. At this, Miss Hellman simply got up and fled blindly back to the bathroom. "Ordinarily, I might have coped with those —ah—beauties," she says now. The reason she was routed, it seems, was that they were sleek in satin and she, that night, was wearing an expensive error in yellow organdie, threaded with black velvet ribbon tied in girlish bows at the throat and wrists.

Revenge is sweet, especially when it's on Dorothy Thompson, and such an opportunity is not given to many women. A few weeks after the dinner party, however, Miss Thompson telephoned Miss Hellman. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had made motions toward buying Miss Thompson's play about refugees, "An-

MRS. MALLEY AND A POSTMAN'S LOT

ONE morning while Mrs. Malley was washing the breakfast dishes she suddenly remembered having heard somewhere that the best way to clean windows was with wet newspapers. “I wonder why I never tried it before,” she said, and thought it was interesting the way one's subconscious mind worked. As soon as the dishes were finished, she carried a pail of water and the previous night's *World-Telegram* into the front hall and got to work; the windows on either side of the door had been smeary for a long time. She was still scrubbing away vigorously when she saw the postman coming up the front walk, and somehow he looked different to her—taller and thinner, with a more deliberate walk, and quite bowed over, really, by the weight of his bag.

She opened the door as he came up the steps onto the porch. “Good morning,” she said. “You're new, aren't you?”

He started slightly and gave her a reproachful glance. He had a long, sad face, and he was wearing rimless octagonal glasses, which Mrs. Malley considered unusual for a postman. “I been on this route just about a week,” he said. He pronounced “route” so that it rhymed with “about.” “And to tell you the truth, I don't like it as much as the one I had before.”

Mrs. Malley stretched out a wet hand for the packet of letters and said, “What route was it?” She pronounced it the same way, to spare his feelings, because he was obviously a sensitive man.

“Laureldale,” he told her, “that new section. Stained-glass windows they got in their bathroom windows up there, but the foundations! Just sand, that's all, with a little cement mixed in. And the walls—like cardboard,” he said, wagging his head mournfully. “But do they care? No. All they care about is they got stained-glass bathroom windows.”

“I've said right along those houses were jerry-built. Now, this house is nearly twenty years old, but—”

“They got rules in that section, though,” said the postman. “Strict rules. No unmuzzled dogs.”

“But they have the same rule everywhere. It's a state law, I *think*,” said Mrs. Malley.

“It could be an amendment to the United States Constitution and the people around here wouldn't care. You can see for yourself.” He pointed with gloomy vindication at a large mongrel sniffing one of the evergreens by the sidewalk. “Has *he* got a muzzle on?”

“Well, people are rather careless, I suppose.”

“It's anarchy, that's what it is. No respect for lore and order,” said the postman. “And I never seen so many dogs in my life as you got around here. I would prefer to deliver mail in the Bronx Park Zoo. At least they got them in cages.”

“But they're good, gentle dogs,” Mrs. Malley said doubtfully.

“*Gentle!*” If the postman had been able to work up enough energy, he would have been outraged. “Every day I am bitten. Every day.” He turned slightly, showing Mrs. Malley a small rip just above his trouser cuff. “That happened this morning. Mrs. Walker's house. I would prefer to meet a raging lion than that dog. I would rather meet a savage puma in the jungle. Barehanded.”

“Well, people say, you know, that if you just aren't scared of dogs, they don't pay any attention.”

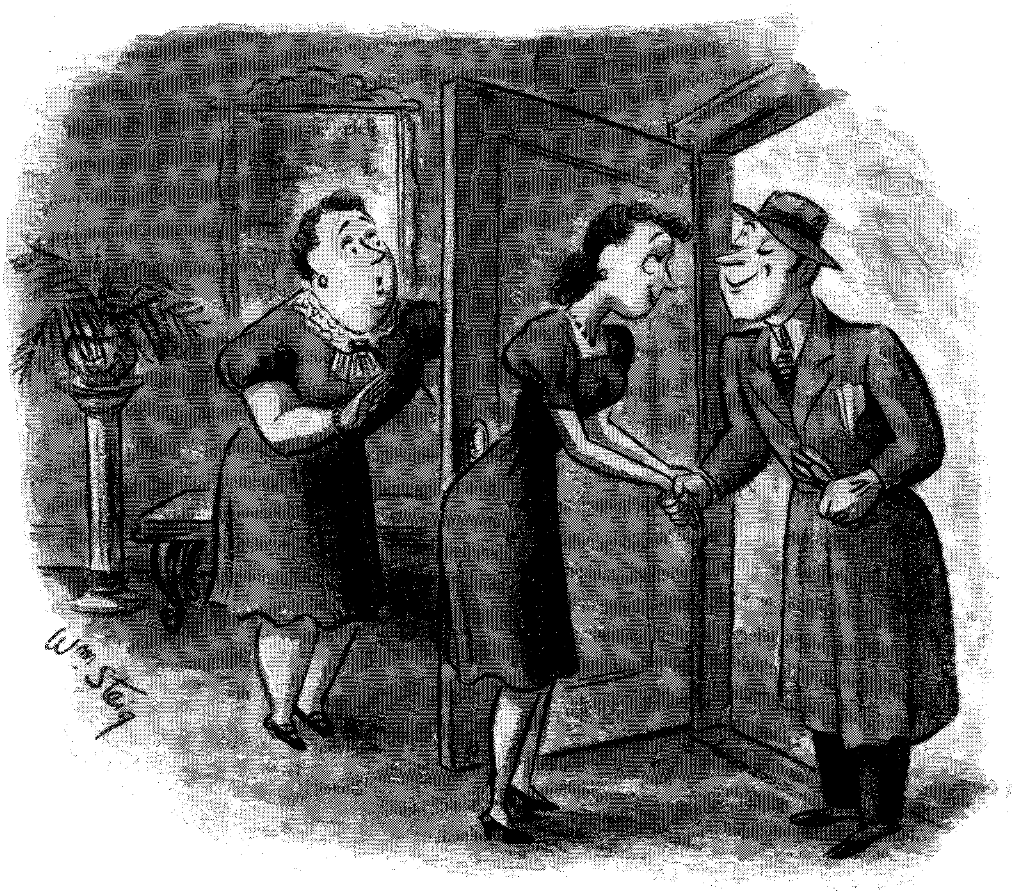
“Sure,” said the postman. “I heard that one, too. You see a dog, you get scared, you emit a certain odor, and the dog bites you. Albert Payson Terhune, that's his theory. Or maybe he's the one who says the theory is wrong. I don't know. I get mixed up. It's no life, a postman. Right this minute I feel like I am on the verge of a nervous collapse.”

Mrs. Malley looked at him anxiously, wondering what she would do if he collapsed on her front step. “If you'd just *try* not to be scared,” she suggested.

He gazed at her bleakly through the octagonal glasses. “Every day in every way I am growing braver and braver,” he said. “Remember *that* craze? Coué. Since I was a child, I have been scared of dogs. A phobia. You are thinking maybe a psychiatrist would help. But I am only a mail-carrier, after all. A poor man. I have no money to spend on high-priced quacks.”

“But if you just asked Mrs. Walker to muzzle her dog—”

The postman let out a brief, bitter laugh. “You *know* that Mrs. Walker,



“Now, Susie, you know Mr. Sneck only aggravates your father.”

by any chanst? Two days ago I had a letter for her, one sense postage was due on it. Would she *pay* the one sense, that Mrs. Walker? No. She makes me take the letter away again. Beat your head against a concrete wall, you'd get more satisfaction than talking to Mrs. Walker. With all due respect."

"I only know her slightly," Mrs. Malley said hastily. "But I'm sure she'd listen to reason. Why don't you show her the rip?"

"Useless, Madam. A waste of energy," said the postman, and he hoisted up his bag and walked dejectedly away, giving the mongrel a wide berth.

Mrs. Malley returned happily to her window-cleaning. Not that she didn't feel sorry for the new postman, but it was nice, she thought, the way he'd confided in her. It must be her face; she had a sympathetic face. So many people talked to her like that. The garbage man and the laundry boy and the young man who came to fix her vacuum cleaner—they all broke down and told her what was troubling them. And they all did have troubles. It was a sad world, a sad, sad world, Mrs. Malley thought, discovering that wet newspaper was not much good. She would have to remember to tell Mr. Malley about the postman.

SOMEHOW, though, Mrs. Malley forgot all about the postman for several days, and then one morning she had to run after him with a letter she wanted to mail. "I hope you don't mind," she said. "I *should* take it up to the post office, of course, but—"

"A bagatelle," the postman said, stowing it away. "It's a pleasure to do a favor for anybody who treats you like a yuman being. And I wanted to ask you. I seen you cleaning your windows with wet newspaper the other day and I wondered did it work. I could tell my wife. She wears herself to the bone keeping our windows clean."

Mrs. Malley stood in the breeze, trying to remember. "Oh, yes. No, it wasn't much good. I mean it was just as much work, really, and the ink came off on my hands."

The postman nodded. "I might of known," he said. "You try to get something for nothing in this world, you're stung every time. It never fails. My wife uses that stuff they squirt on your windshield at gas stations. It works, but it costs money. Anything that works costs money."

He stood there fixing her with his gloomy stare and, feeling he wanted something more of her, she asked, "Have you been bitten lately?"

"Five times," he said. "Twice the skin was broken. If I get hydrophobia, it will only be what I expect. That's a postman's life for you. It was that Mrs. Walker's dog every time."

"Well, now, seriously," Mrs. Malley said, "I do think you ought to speak to her about it."

The postman flapped his hand. "I did. Like you said, I showed her the latest rip. I even showed her where the skin was broken. And what happens? She casts aspersions on my character." He stood there breathing heavily. Mrs. Malley wasn't sure there weren't tears in his eyes. " 'A dog,' she says to me, 'a dog is an excellent judge of character,' she says. 'If Prince bit you,' she says, 'I'm sure he had good reason to. You probably kicked him,' she says to me. To me! And I wouldn't touch that dog with a ten-foot pole. Prince! Benito Mussolini, that's what *I* call that dog."

"Well, I think it's a perfect shame!" Mrs. Malley said. "I have a good mind to call Mrs. Walker up this minute."

"Please," said the postman, "don't embroil yourself in a neighborhood squabble on my account."

"But she's breaking the law. If you reported it to the police, they'd put him in the pound. They might even destroy him."

"There's too much hatred in the world already," the postman said. "Unnecessary resentment, that's all you'd arouse. She loves that dog, Mrs. Walker. A childless woman. What can you expect? To tell you the truth, I pity her. I am just a letter-carrier to her. She regards me with revulsion, like she would regard a scorpion, but I pity her. She leads an empty life. Chocolate marshmallows she gives to that dog, but if I can give my children a nickel candy bar from one month to the next, it's a miracle."

"How many children have you?" Mrs. Malley asked.

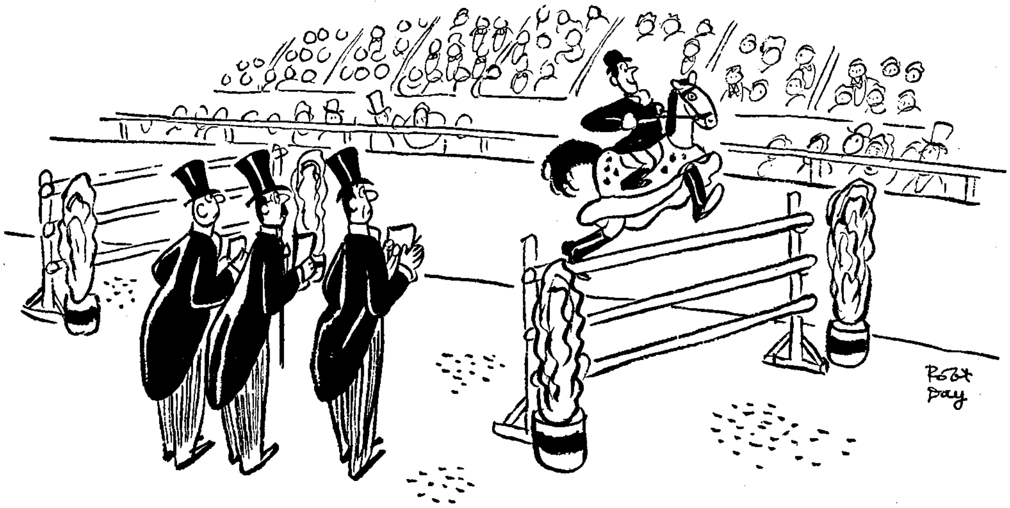
"Three," said the postman, and his gloom did not lighten. "My wife says I am crazy, but to me they seem mentally retarded. The things they listen to on the radio, my blood runs cold. Superman. All the time now it's Superman. Now, me," said the postman, "at the age of fourteen I immersed myself in the works of Sir Walter Scott. Later I read 'The Decline of the West.' But nowadays I don't have the energy. I don't read anything but the *Reader's Digest*. Pap, that's all it is. Pap." He raised his cap and walked away, more bent than ever beneath his bag.

Mrs. Walker really should be spoken to about that dog, Mrs. Malley thought. If she told Mr. Malley, and Mr. Malley mentioned it casually to Mr. Walker on the eight-twelve one morning, not naming the postman, of course, just saying that the neighbors had begun to complain—but then, practically everybody else on the street except the Malleys had a dog, and none of them muzzled. It was a delicate situation.

"I HAVE reached the breaking point," the postman told Mrs. Malley several weeks later. "This morning that dog made a leap for my jugular, and in fighting him off, I fell. I think my wrist is sprained."

"Oh, I hope not! There's a doctor on the next corner. He's retired, you know, so he'd probably be willing to look at it for nothing."

The postman stared at his wrist and waggled it gently. "If

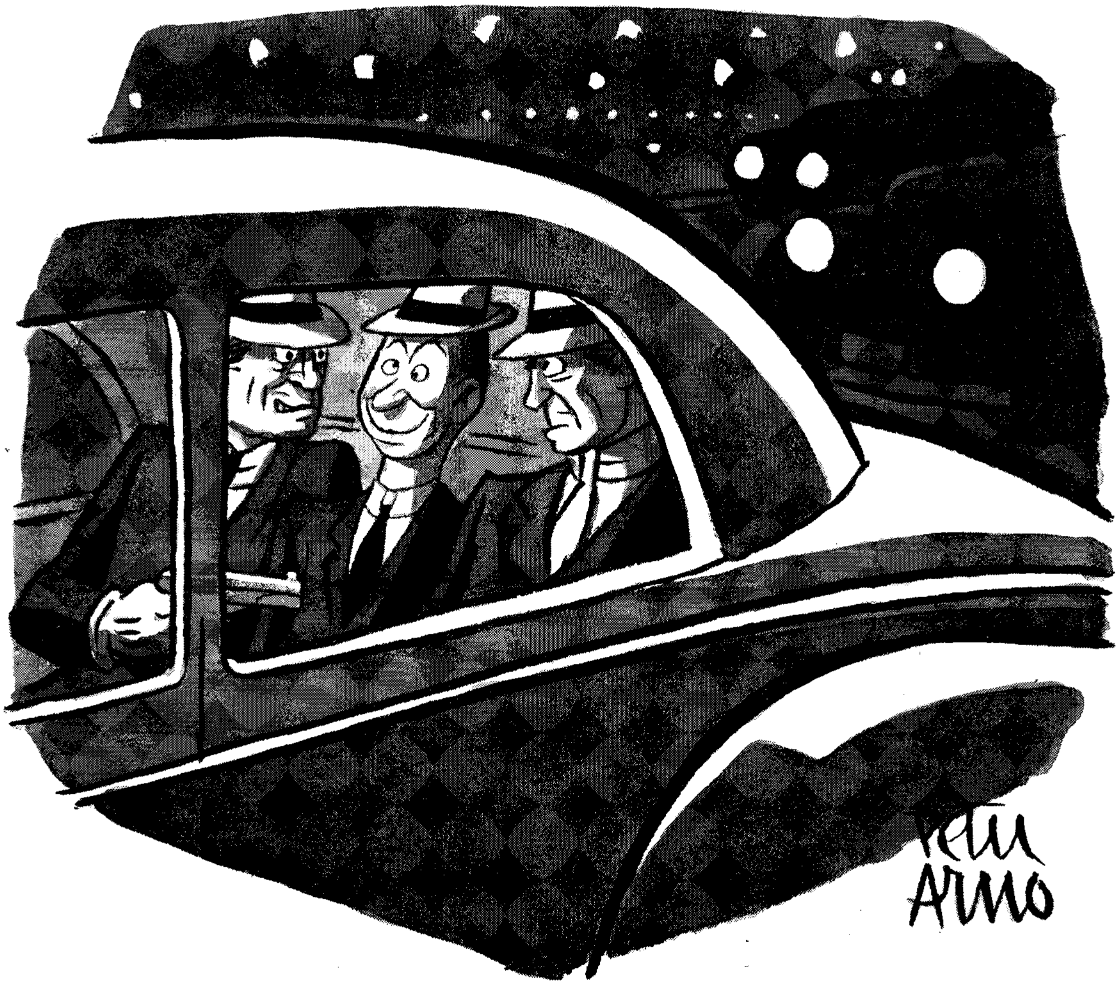


other Sun," which had run eight days in New York in 1940, on condition that Miss Hellman adapt it for pictures, and they had sent it to her to read. Miss Hellman, studying the manuscript, found that Miss Thompson, in a welter of nostalgia for the old Germany, had flung into the dialogue a good many *gemütlich* phrases in the mother tongue. When Miss Thompson called up about the play, she was ready for her. "I suggest first that you translate it from the German," she said coldly. Nothing ever came of this incipient collaboration.

LILLIAN HELLMAN, at thirty-six, is the youngest successful woman playwright, or woman successfully writing plays, in the United States, and therefore probably in the world. She was born in New Orleans and was cared for as a child by a Negro mammy—two facts which have embarrassed certain playgoers and critics, who denounced her Negro characters in "The Little Foxes" as being artificial and overdrawn. Her father, Max Hellman, was a prosperous shoe merchant with a store on Canal Street in New Orleans; her mother had been Julia Newhouse of Alabama. Mrs. Hellman died six years ago. Mr. Hellman, living with a gusto his daughter has inherited, has retired from business and spends most of his time playing pinochle with cronies in Atlantic City. He confesses a mild amazement but practically no awe when he thinks how his little girl has grown up to be a famous playwright.

When Lillian was five, a partner of her father's absconded with the company's funds and Max Hellman came to New York with his wife and only child to start over again as a travelling salesman for a clothing firm. For many years afterward, Lillian spent her summers in New Orleans, visiting her aunts or her grandmother. In New York, the Hellman family lived on West Ninety-fifth Street near the river, and from this base Lillian soon established a widening circle of activities. America entered the first World War when she was twelve, and in an excess of patriotism she and a friend named Helen Schiff took to trailing people who they thought looked like German spies. Long-haired fellows carrying briefcases or violin cases (handy for holding machine guns and bombs) were especially suspect, and once the girls chased two men ten blocks and reported them to a police sergeant, who, after considerable trouble, discovered them to be a professor of Greek from Hunter College and a second violinist from the Palace Theatre. Lillian and Helen had a stooge, a timid blonde who was detailed to eavesdrop on conversations of suspects and report them to the two head spy-catchers. Her reports were dull and her superiors grew bored. "It's got to be more *interesting!*" Lillian exclaimed one day, and she and Helen then twisted the stooge's arm until she managed to think up something worth hearing. A version of this incident appeared in "The Children's Hour," but Miss Hellman says that she did not remember it consciously while she was writing the play.

When Lillian was fourteen her budding taste for sitting in a chatty group around a table led to her first open rebellion. A boy in his second year at Columbia asked her to go to a fencing match with him and another boy and girl, and after the match the four repaired to Constantine's ice-cream parlor on upper Broadway. The Columbia student was nineteen, the other girl and her beau were at least seventeen, and Lillian, irked by her own youth and her father's order to be home by eleven, brooded herself into a state of defiance and stayed out until after midnight. The stern reception she got when she did turn up further inflamed her, and next day she left home for good, with seventy-five cents in her pocket. She spent an agreeable afternoon a couple of miles to the south, talking to strangers and eating candy, but by nine o'clock that night most of her money and her spirits were gone, and she called up the Columbia sophomore with her last nickel. "I have left home," she told him romantically. "Come and look after me." Columbia came all right, but Lillian was depressed to note that instead of looking gallant and protective, he looked protective and very bored. He took her home and shoved



"O'Hallihan, you know too much."

her in the door, and Lillian reluctantly entered, to find her mother in tears from grief and worry. "Are you all right, my baby?" she kept saying, and this gave the wanderer an idea. She assumed a frail look, waited for a pause, and announced, "Mother, I have heart trouble."

When Lillian entered Wadleigh High School in 1922, her dramatic instinct easily surpassed that of the dramatic coach, who carelessly gave her the rôle of the villainess in a school play, "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." This character actually had few lines to speak, but at Lillian's final exit the night of the play the door stuck and she couldn't get off the stage. Pleased by the happy circumstance, she returned calmly to the panic-stricken members of the cast, who were grouped about a drawing-room set and, arranging herself on a sofa, proceeded to invent a dazzling scene, which fattened up her own part by a number of showy remarks and lasted a good five minutes after the stricken coach had got the door unstuck and started to wave wildly at her from the wings. Lillian appeared in no more plays, but she soon got around to writing a column for the school paper. The column was called "It Seems to Me, Jr.," and, since it appeared before either Heywood Broun or Lillian Hellman had become the people's friend, it was light, chatty, and without social significance.

Miss Hellman has been called a Communist almost as often as she has been called a woman playwright, and both epithets trouble her. Pinned down to a statement of her political viewpoint, she says that she would like to be a liberal if she could tell, these days, exactly what the hell a liberal is. Reminded of Dorothy Thompson's crack in her 1940 valentine column, which suggested "To the Communist Party of America—'The Little Foxes,' " Miss Hellman says candidly, "I stuck my neck out there." Miss Thompson's reproof was inspired by the row, familiar along Broadway, between Miss Hellman and Tallulah Bankhead over a benefit performance of "The Little Foxes" which Miss Bankhead, the star of the play, proposed to give for Finnish relief. Miss Hellman, backed up by Herman Shumlin, producer of the play, objected on the ground that Miss Bankhead and the cast had refused, some months earlier, to play a benefit Miss Hellman had asked them to give for the Spanish Loyalists. "And besides," Miss Hellman added, "I don't believe in that fine, lovable little Republic of Finland that everybody gets so weepy about. I've been there, and it looks like a pro-Nazi little republic to me." The battle, gentled along by Richard Maney, Shumlin's press agent, got into the headlines, and public sympathy was with Miss Bankhead, since Finland was then being attacked by Russia. People reasoned that Miss Hellman, being opposed to aiding Finnish relief, must be a Red. The knowing ones pointed out that she had been in Russia and in Spain in 1937 and had published pieces about her trip in the *New Masses* and the *New Republic*. Miss Hellman now says mildly that she submitted the pieces first to several slick magazines, which turned them down. The detached biographer, looking through the record, will find that the longest and most heartfelt of these articles was called "A Bleached Lady" and was a semifictional piece about a Spanish woman refugee who, noticing that an American lady traveller's hair had begun to turn dark at the roots, recommended a friend who ran a hairdressing shop in Madrid and had a skillful hand with *teinturerie*, if she was still alive.

People who know Lillian Hellman well say that what some theorists consider her Communist tendency is actually more a violent anti-Fascism and an equally strong instinct to fight for the little people who can't fight for themselves. She is a woman who hates to see anybody pushed around, they say. Miss Hellman agrees with this explanation, but she is an arguer at heart. Once, in her presence, a friend of hers set out to prove to a heckler that Lillian was not even sympathetic to the Communists, and gave a number of convincing reasons. "Isn't that true, Lillian?" the friend said, turning to her rather breathlessly. "Well . . ." said Miss Hellman.

The easy riches of the nineteen-twenties, of which she had no share, may partly explain her curiously split social attitude, which combines a sensible fondness for money with a violent dislike for people who wallow in it. Graduating from Wadleigh High, she entered N.Y.U., where her reaction to culture seems to have been entirely normal. She admired Lewis Carroll and Dante and thought of writing a biography of the latter, but got no farther than a line in her notebook stating, "Dante is okay." Graduated from N.Y.U., she took a course in journalism at Columbia, as an indirect result of which she was engaged to write several one- and two-column book reviews for the Sunday *Tribune*, at about $4.70 a column. In the middle twenties, still living with her family, she worked at a series of jobs—as a reader for Horace Liveright, the publisher, as a play-reader for Anne Nichols, who was then trying to find a worthy successor to "Abie's Irish Rose," and as a press agent for something called "The Bunk of 1926." Through her theatrical contacts she came to know Herman Shumlin and Arthur Kober, who shared an office in the Selwyn Theatre Building and worked, as general manager and press agent respectively, for Jed Harris, the most fabulous producer of that period. In 1925, Miss Hellman married Kober. Kober later became a successful Hollywood writer and author of the play "Having Wonderful Time."

Divorce ended the marriage in 1932, but it did not affect Kober's attachment to Miss Hellman. A man whose cherubic appearance conceals hell's own inner turmoil, he was probably the first to appreciate her great common sense and capacity for shouldering burdens, and certainly the last to want to give them up entirely. His friends (and Lillian's) grew accustomed to the familiar sight of Arthur seated in a dim corner of some *boîte* mentally wrestling with himself in an effort to get along without Lillian's advice about a new play, a new apartment, or whatever was torturing him. It was always a losing battle. Whenever Kober returned to New York from Hollywood and began looking at furnished apartments to sublease, he would say to the occupant, "May I bring my friend to see it?" The householder, expecting another man, would naturally consent, and soon Kober would reappear with his ex-wife, whom he nervously introduced as "my friend." Miss Hellman would then inspect closets, stove, plumbing, and other important details, and finally state her opinion to the startled tenant. "It stinks," she would say agreeably more often than not. When Kober eventually decided to remarry, last year, he brought his fiancée for Lillian to see, in the most natural way in the world, and Miss

Hellman was so pleased with the prospective Mrs. Kober that she stood up with the bride and groom at the wedding as matron of honor.

"This may come as something of a shock to you, Mr. Goff, but I love you and would like to be your wife."

BY 1933, Herman Shumlin had become a successful producer with "Grand Hotel" and "The Last Mile," and Miss Hellman went to work for him as a reader. She had written one play, "Dear Queen," in collaboration with Louis Kronenberger, now dramatic critic of *PM*, but it was never produced, chiefly, Miss Hellman thinks, because she and Kronenberger had a hilarious time writing it. As writers keep on sorrowfully finding out, the kind of writing that entertains its authors is generally not the kind that entertains the public. One night, at a party at Ira Gershwin's, she said to Shumlin, "What would you think of a play about a couple of schoolteachers accused of being Lesbians by a brat pupil?" "I wouldn't waste any time on it," he answered kindly. Miss Hellman had already spent several months on such a play, and after she had spent six or eight more, she laid the manuscript on Shumlin's desk. "Here's that play I mentioned," she said. "Oh," said Shumlin, "all right, I'll read it." Miss Hellman said, "When?" Shumlin said, "Now." Miss Hellman said, "I'll wait." She sat down in a corner of the office and appeared to read a magazine while Shumlin read "The Children's Hour." He made three comments: "Swell!" at the end of the first act, "I hope it keeps up" at the end of the second, and "I'll produce it" when he had finished the third. Miss Hellman looked at him in astonishment. "You really mean that?" she demanded. This has been her invariable remark each time Shumlin has eagerly agreed to produce a play of hers, and it is often followed by the dour prophecy "Well, this is *one* play you'll lose your shirt on." Her confidence in her own work is unaffectedly shaky, in strange contrast to her almost reckless poise in private life.

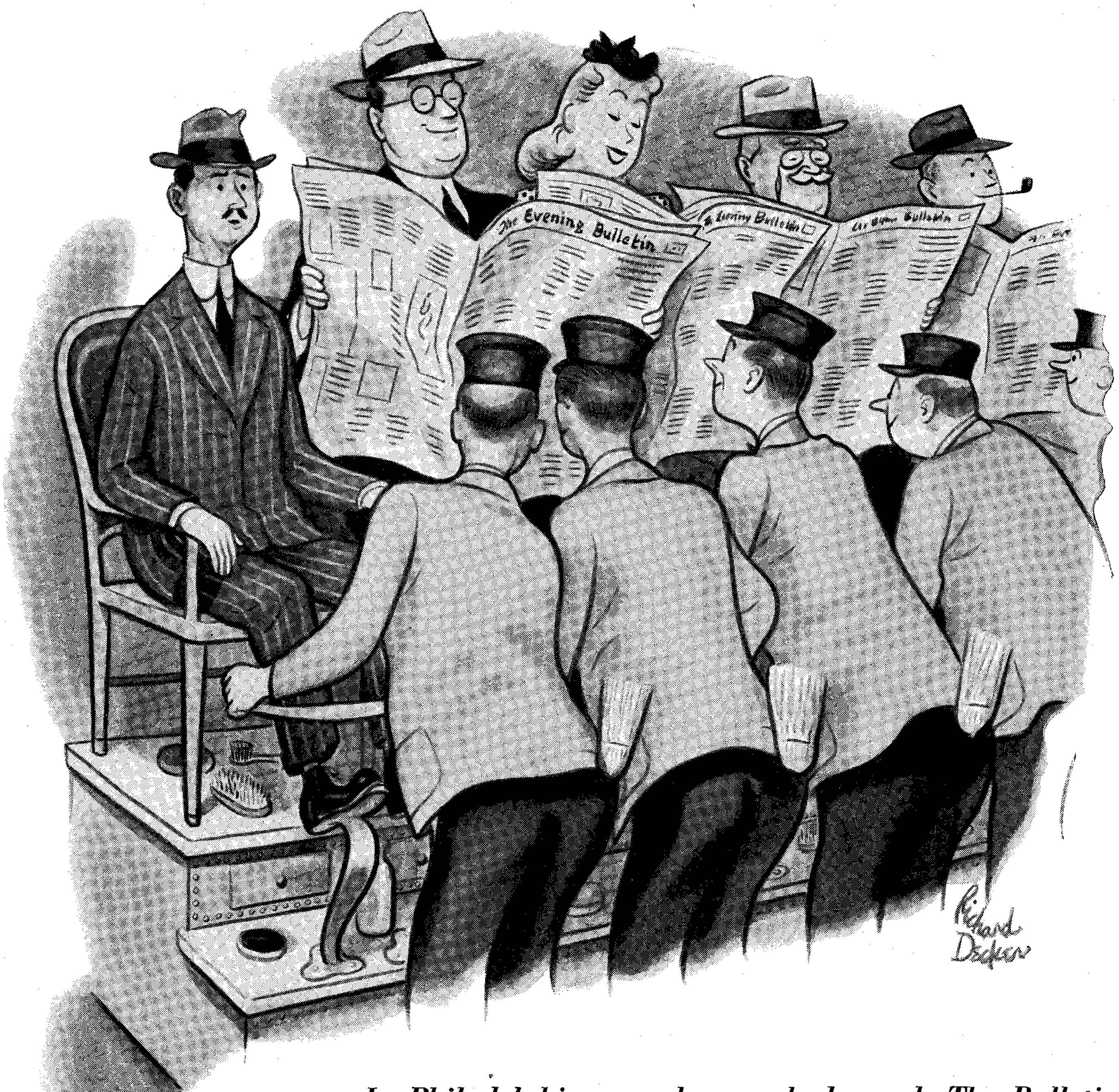
Miss Hellman had $50 in the bank the day Shumlin first read "The Children's Hour," and made about

twenty-one months in New York, another year on the road, and was produced in London and in Paris. Its tours, although not its publicity, were frequently interrupted by censors, who objected to the theme. Once, in Chicago, a test performance was given for the local censor, a lady, who brought a woman friend. In the middle of the scene in which one teacher confesses her illicit love for the other and goes offstage to commit suicide, the censor, who had been silent throughout the performance, turned to her friend, and Shumlin and Miss Hellman, sitting tensely in the row behind, leaned forward anxiously to listen to what she might have to say. "I like that suit she's wearing," the lady censor said. "The Children's Hour" was officially banned in Chicago, but it was put on there anyway by the Actors' Company, a high-spirited group of amateurs.

In 1936, Miss Hellman turned out a drama about labor called "Days to Come," a harrowing flop. On the opening night, as the play's doom became increasingly clear, Miss Hellman [illegible] from her seat in the last row to the door of the theatre and dispatched the doorman with a ten-dollar bill for a quart of brandy. When he came back with it, she retired to the lonely box office and took several deep, consoling drinks. A few minutes later a form of death attacked her. No amount of failure or brandy could account for the way she felt, she thought dimly, trying to unclench a clammy fist. As her fingers slowly loosened, the change the doorman had returned to her from the ten-dollar bill fell from her hand; it was $9.06. The effect of the ninety-four-cent brandy was not lessened by the party Ralph Ingersoll, now editor of *PM*, gave for Miss Hellman after the show that night. It was grisly, like all festivals after a failure. Dashiell Hammett, apparently choosing frankness as the best policy, sat down beside Miss Hellman and told her that in his opinion the play was terrible. "But when you read it," she reminded him desperately, "you said you thought it was the best play you'd ever read." Hammett rose and called for his hat and coat. "I have changed my mind," he said coldly, and left.

Although Miss Hellman's next play, "The Little Foxes," established her as a surefire playwright (if there is such a thing), she continued to give each manuscript to friends to read and trembled each time for their decisions. She takes criticism uncomplainingly and writes so many drafts of every play—from four to as many as ten—that the script which finally goes into rehearsal seldom requires any change. She finished the first version of "The Little Foxes" in the summer of 1937, in a cottage she had taken on an island off South Norwalk, and gave it to Hammett, who happened to be a weekend guest. Writing about the South she knew, she had evidently been carried away in the first draft into composing lengthy dialogues of a local color between the two Negro servants in the play. Hammett read it in bed Sunday night and left for town in a cowardly fashion before his hostess was up next morning, leaving the manuscript and a note. "Missy write blackamoor chitchat. Missy better stop writing blackamoor chitchat," the note said. Miss Hellman went for a grim swim after she read this and, she says now, thought of drowning herself. That afternoon, however, she started work on a new version. It took her ten months of writing and rewriting to complete "The Little Foxes," and as long, or longer, to write each of her other plays.

Her notebooks for a play are monu-



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mental, running to two or three volumes of four or five hundred typed, single-spaced pages each, containing data on contemporary history, local customs, factual anecdotes, political aspects, celebrities of the time, and long lists of likely names for characters. In one of her notebooks for "Watch on the Rhine," three pages are filled with German first and last names—Kathe, Werner, Maxl, Pilar, Willy; Lange, Brech, Reger, Unruh, Rochow, and so on—all of which she studied and discarded before she decided to name the German played by Paul Lukas Kurt Mueller and his wife, played by Mady Christians, Sara. Other pages carry details of the age, life, and background of the characters before their entrance into the play. Frequently there are notes like "What was he doing in Germany? Scientist? Trade Union Movement? Maybe China? What was going on 1920-1932? Maybe they have only been here about 6 months? What was he doing here?" All of this research, in which Miss Hellman is assisted by one secretary, is the usual task of a careful writer, but even in the case of a careful writer it is uncommon to find notes for a play which could be expanded, as the notes for "Watch on the Rhine" could be, into a detailed and accurate history of a period covering twenty-five years. Miss Hellman leaves the direction of her plays to Shumlin, but her thirst for perfection sometimes leads her to wander into a theatre during a play's run and take a look at the performance. When "The Little Foxes" was playing to capacity in New York, she appeared silently one night and made the following notes in pencil on a program: "Sound over air system. No thank you from Collinge too quick. Dingle—no looks to audience. Bankhead cuts in on important lines. Don't clutch Horace. Leo—you too cute." These flaws were corrected before the next performance.

MISS HELLMAN works at a typewriter perched on a rickety table which, in search of solitude, she drags around from one room to another of her Pleasantville house, which is generally full of guests. Not long ago, with a job to do, she posted the following notice outside the room where she was working:

THIS ROOM IS USED FOR WORK
DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT KNOCKING
AFTER YOU KNOCK, WAIT FOR AN ANSWER
IF YOU GET NO ANSWER, GO AWAY AND DON'T COME BACK
THIS MEANS EVERYBODY
THIS MEANS YOU
THIS MEANS NIGHT OR DAY
By order of the Hellman-Military-Commission-for-Playwrights.
Court-martialling will take place in the barn, and your trial will not be a fair one.

The Christmas Court-martialling has now taken place.
Among those:
Herman Shumlin, former *régisseur*.
A Mr. X, former insurance man.
Miss Sylvia Hermann, aged three, former daughter of a farmer.
Miss Nora, former dog.
Mr. Samuel Dashiell Hammett, former eccentric.
Mr. Arthur Kober, former itinerant sweet-singer.
Mr. Louis Kronenberger, born in Cincinnati, lynched by me.
Emmy Kronenberger, wife to Kronenberger, died with him.
Mr. Felix Anderson, former butler.
Irene Robinson, former cook and very pretty.
Note: Mr. Max Bernard Hellman, father, is a most constant offender. His age has saved him. This sentimentality may not continue.

When posted warnings fail to keep visitors out, Miss Hellman comes into town, rents an apartment in a quiet street, and writes there, doing her own housework and cooking. She is a fine, resourceful cook, specializing in crab gumbo and other New Orleans dishes, and skillful at turning even a domestic annoyance into a *plat de résistance.* Last summer the lake on her Pleasantville place was invaded by snapping turtles, and Miss Hellman, burned up because this threatened to spoil her swimming, sharply ordered her farmer to set traps and deliver all the turtles he caught to the kitchen door. Then she made a superior soup out of them. She has a gourmet's interest in food and will bedevil any hostess who serves her a new and succulent dish until she has got the recipe for it. The food in her own house is beautifully cooked and served, under her fairly gloating direction, by Irene and Felix. Irene is a woman of such exceptional tact that it is a source of wonder to her employer. Not long ago she asked Miss Hellman, politely and rather deviously, to tell Felix to wash the living-room windows for the party. "What party?" inquired Miss Hellman, who had not planned any. No special party, Irene said, going on to explain that Felix was simply the type of man

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MUSIC BOX, 45 ST. W. of B'way—Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Tues. & Sat., 2:40

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who works better with a definite object in view. Miss Hellman especially admires Irene's way with people because she knows that her own tactfulness is often less than consummate. Last year, for example, she went to Philadelphia to cover the 1940 Republican Presidential nomination for *PM*. In a hotel lobby one day she ran into Thomas E. Dewey, an acquaintance of hers. "Hello!" she said to him cordially. "You going to be here all week?" After Dewey had wanly passed on, a friend who was with Miss Hellman gazed at her and said, "Look, dear. The poor guy just hopes to get nominated. Remember?"

Like most independent women, Lillian Hellman has more men friends than girl friends. A few of these men, with Miss Hellman, form a solid, affectionate group whose friendship for one another is never disturbed by the fact that most of the men have, at some time, been in love with Lillian. Miss Hellman presides over the brotherhood like an exceptionally maternal Maintenon. Her house is permanently open to the boys, and they like to go there and stay for weeks, perhaps, taking their work with them and often turning out a book, a play, a set of editorial memorandums, or a production schedule for the new season. She is a good hostess, casual and entertaining, and her advice about business and artistic problems is sure to be either wise enough or just screwy enough to be exactly right. Among the headaches she has shared is *PM*, which she helped Ralph Ingersoll formulate. She was one of its original stockholders—"mainly," she explains, "because I lent them some money to pay the electric-light and telephone bills once or twice when they were broke and got paid back in stock." She also thought up the name *PM* after a series of conferences during which Ingersoll kept doggedly insisting that the paper be called simply *Newspaper*, on the peculiar theory that people habitually walk up to a newsstand and say, "Give me a newspaper." She is concerned because Dashiell Hammett hasn't written a new book since "The Thin Man," eight years ago, and she is violently interested in the one he is working on now. When Herman Shumlin needs relaxation, she goes on fishing trips with him and his admiration for her increases because, he says, she always knows what every goddam fish is planning at the other end of the line. She likes to gamble with men for manly stakes and once won $12,000 in an evening at chemin de fer. She ordered two ambulances for the Spanish Loyalists next morning, lost

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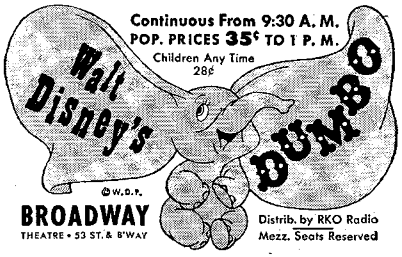

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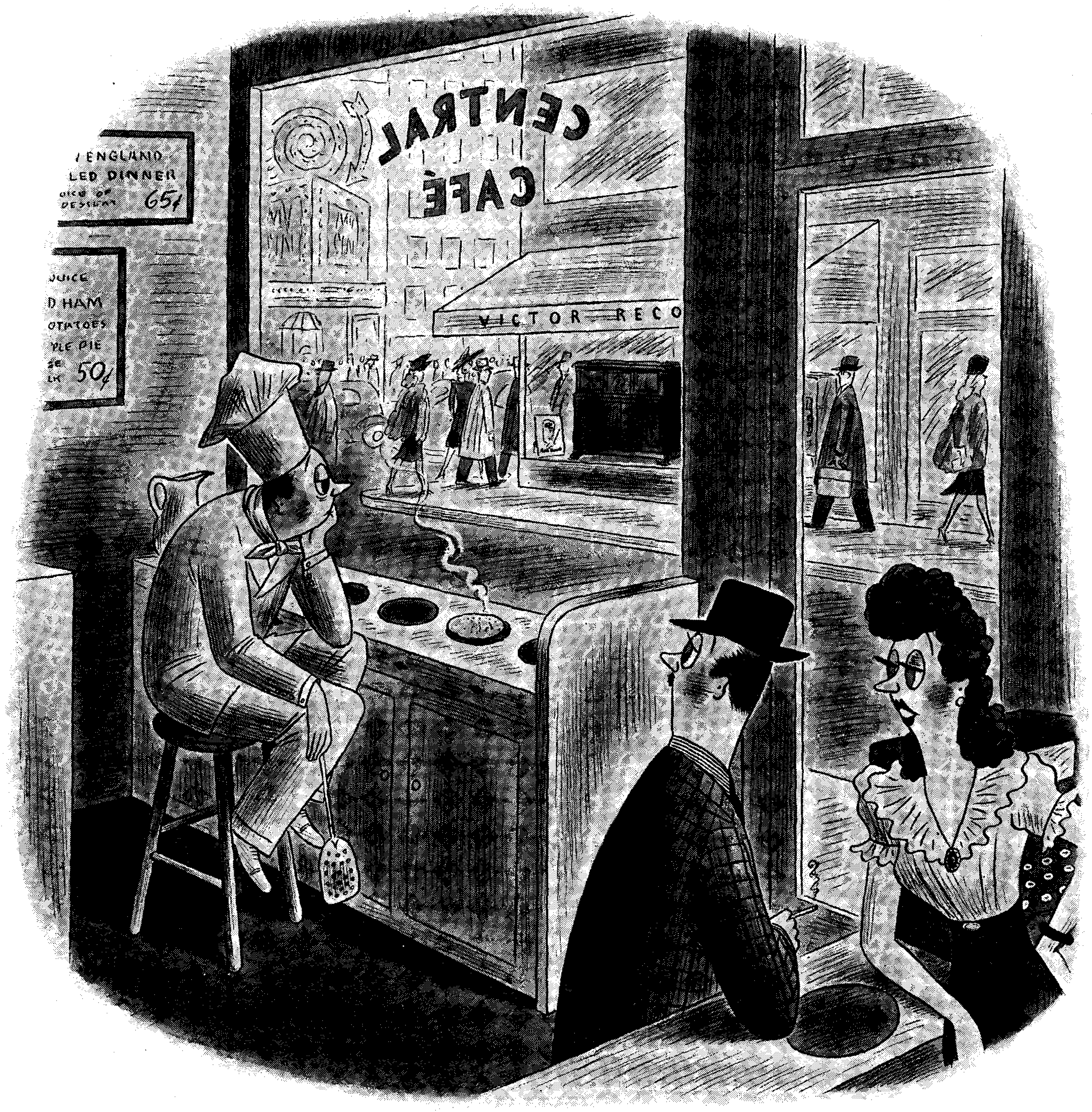

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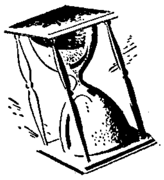

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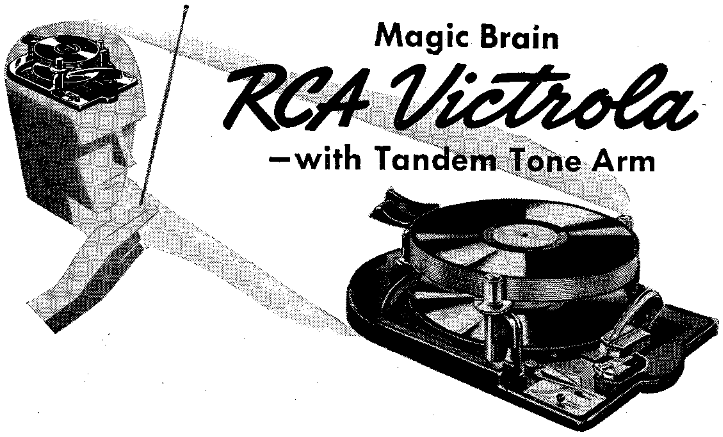

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the $12,000 in another game that night, but bought the ambulances anyway.

In spite of Miss Hellman's liking for masculine company, she has none of the phony impatience with her own sex so often affected by female literary celebrities. She is fond of a number of women and likes to send them unexpected and interesting presents, half a *prosciutto* ham or a silver bowl for mixing New Orleans *café diable*. She is not above loud and bitter complaint if she doesn't get enough presents in return. A week before her birthday this year, she sent a telegram to some twelve or fifteen friends. "A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR LILLIAN HELLMAN IS A BLOW AGAINST FASCISM," it suggested. When the friends came through nobly with gifts, Miss Hellman wept frank and grateful tears. Although she is subject to attacks of sentiment, her aspect is not always tender. "When Lillian gets mad," Dorothy Parker will tell you in her soft, deprecating voice, "I regret to say she screams." This talent for making a noise is partly responsible for Miss Hellman's success in Hollywood, notably with Sam Goldwyn, who is no whisperer.

In 1935, Mrs. Parker and Miss Hellman were among the leaders of a group of Hollywood writers who wanted to revive the moribund Screen Writers' Guild and were therefore enthusiastic about the proposed Wagner Act, which guaranteed collective bargaining and the right to strike. One day the two ladies called on Goldwyn. "Sam," said Miss Hellman, "why don't you come out in favor of the Screen Writers' Guild and help us revive it? You would be the first producer to do it, and it would give you tremendous distinction." "That's right, Sam," added Mrs. Parker, who does not always speak in epigrams. Goldwyn thought it over, and finally replied, "I can't do it, girls. I can't come out in favor of the Screen Writers' Guild. But I tell you what I *will* do for you. I will definitely," he said with a ringing sincerity, "come out against the Wagner Act." Miss Hellman's screams echoed through Hollywood then, but by the time she got back to New York, a few weeks later, they had dwindled to a murmur far more deadly. One night, Charles MacArthur, the playwright, said to her, "A fine thing, you twenty-five-hundred-a-week Hollywood writers wanting to strike for more pay." The truth was that Miss Hellman and the other supporters of the Guild felt they had been fighting for the little people again, the anonymous forty-dollar-a-week writers, and she suspected that MacArthur knew that. Although she has a gentlemanly quality of never being rude to anyone unintentionally, she can sometimes hit below the belt. "Let me see," she said to him idly. "You used to write for pictures, too, once, didn't you? Whatever became of you?" The Wagner Act was passed in 1935 and the Screen Writers' Guild was reestablished shortly afterward. Miss Hellman's standing with Goldwyn, which is exalted, antedates those events, however, by at least a year. Some people say it goes back to the time she made "The Children's Hour" into a good, uncensorable movie, "These Three," by replacing the Lesbian theme with the simple triangle; others, including Dashiell Hammett, maintain that her success with Goldwyn springs from a mutual gift they have for causing people to vanish by not looking at them. "When Sam doesn't look at you, you cease to exist," Hammett explains. "Lillian solves that by just not looking at *him*." Miss Hellman's contract with Goldwyn pays her $3,500 a week for as many weeks as she wants to work, whenever she wants to.

She is busy now with her usual vast chore of thinking up a new play, possibly about the Versailles peace conference. "Watch on the Rhine," which has run almost a year in New York, will be presented in London this season, and she would like to go over for the opening. She feels, though, that unless she could do something useful there, it would be frivolous to take up space in a wartime city just for a pleasure trip. She is even more concerned than most people about the hope and doom of the world these days. Once or twice lately she has quoted T. S. Eliot's lines from "The Hollow Men":

> This is the way the world ends
> Not with a bang but a whimper.

She will repeat them in conversation, looking thoughtful and faraway. But she never stays dreamy long. Her zest for living soon recalls her to the realities of food, clothes, friends, work, enemies, love, hate, and indignation, and when she returns to them it is not with a whimper but a bang.

—Margaret Case Harriman

◆

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Robert F. Kelley in the Times*]

Football, in its first exclusive Saturday—exclusive in the sense that there was no World Series with which to share the uproar—contributed a normal share of what are called upsets for want of a better name, in the type of score as well as the result, and continued the leavening process which annually results in thinning the broth.

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HOTEL DOG

VERNIS was waked up by the dog scratching on the side of her bed. Her head ached. She'd been up very late.

"Go 'way!" she said. Her voice was a high whine. "Go 'way!"

The scratching stopped, and she went back to sleep. But presently, through sleep and the pain in her head, she was aware of it again.

"Go away! Lie down!"

The dog obeyed her for a while. She fell asleep and was dreaming something very pleasant about a messenger and a big box that held a surprise when the scratching started in all over again.

"Go away!" she shrieked. Leaning over, she pushed away the little warm body. She could hear him scrambling. Instead of being rebuffed, there he was, licking the back of her hand and beginning to jump with pleasure because he was noticed. She tried to go back to sleep. It was no use. She knew the dog wouldn't be quiet again. "Oh, God!" she said. "Why do I have a dog?"

She opened one eye and managed to sit on the side of the bed. The dog was beside himself with joy. He gave little squeaks of pleasure and ran toward the door.

Vernis got up, none too steadily, and shook her head, which didn't help. She felt awful. She could have slept for hours if it hadn't been for the dog. She reached out for the telephone. "Send a boy up right away. Room 405," she said to the desk clerk.

She put on a once elegant chiffon negligee and made an ineffectual attempt to comb her hair. It was brown and touched up none too cleverly.

She sat down on the side of the bed again. Just sat until there was a knock on the door.

"Here he is!" she said, as she opened the door. "Oh, it's you, Joe. I'm so glad. Martini thinks you're wonderful."

The dog was jumping up and down in his eagerness to get out. Vernis picked him up, put on his harness, and snapped his leash.

"Be careful with him, Joe. But I know you are. And see that he—ah—relieves himself several times."

"Yes'm," said Joe.

She was almost asleep when Joe knocked again.

"Open the door!" she called. "Let him in! I'll tip you next time, Joe." Tipping! Tipping! When you've got a dog, that's the way it is. She was always hard up, living like this, in a second-rate hotel, on alimony. Her ex was doing all right, married again and living in a big place in New Jersey. What a fool she'd been to get a divorce! Why, if she'd held on—but she hadn't held on. She sighed, loosened the dog's harness, took off her negligee, and got back into bed again. The dog was quiet now, but Vernis couldn't get back to sleep.

AT noon she got up and telephoned half a dozen people. She had a dinner date with Art Grollic for tonight, so she didn't have to bother about that. Art was a terrible bore and had awful table manners, but he'd buy her a dinner and he was someone to talk to. She managed another dinner date later in the week and a couple of luncheons. Today, Dutch treat, with Freda Morse. Freda was divorced too. Divorced women were the only ones, it seemed, who had time for leisurely luncheon dates and, too frequently, evenings that were free.

By the time Freda called for her at half past one she was dressed and looking very well, too. By going without breakfast and giving up potatoes and starches and butter and candy, which she loved, she'd been able to keep her figure. She didn't realize, or want to, that her face, deprived of fats and starches, was far too thin, her eyes hollow, her cheeks too lined.

"You going to take the dog?" Freda asked. "There's so few places that will let him in."

"All right. I'll leave him here."

"He'll be much better off."

The dog had been listening. Seeing Vernis putting on her hat, he began to paw her.

"Go 'way! You'll tear my stocking!" she said. "You don't have to go out again and you know it!" She went to the closet and got a couple of dog biscuits out of a box. "Now, be a good dog," she said, more kindly. "I'll be home in a little while." She threw the biscuits on the floor. "Let's get right out," she said to Freda, "before he starts to cry."

They ate at the Coq Rouge. The luncheon was good. Then they had their fortune told by the pretty Chinese girl. She told them both wonderful things.

"Even if it doesn't come out, it's fun to hear," Vernis said. Only once did she think of Martini. She suddenly remembered that she hadn't filled his water dish, which stood in the bathroom. Oh, well, maybe there was some water left in it.

They went to see a movie at Radio City. They didn't care much for the picture, but they liked the stage show. Vernis forgot about her dog until she returned to the hotel around five. Then, suddenly, she had to see him right away. She dashed through the hotel lobby, waited impatiently for an elevator. What if something . . .

The dog was at the door. When Vernis's key turned in the lock, he began to squeal with pleasure, and as she opened the door he jumped on her.

"You act as if I'd been away for a month!" she said. She went into the bathroom. Martini followed her. His water dish was dry.

Vernis let the water in the tap get cold and filled his dish. The dog drank deeply. Vernis stood by him, waiting. Then she put his harness on and took him down for a walk. She walked one block, crossed the street, and came back on the other side. She was pleased when people seemed to admire the prancing little black dog.

"Don't pull so," she said. "Why are you hurrying so fast? You haven't any place to go!" She waited patiently, a couple of times, at the curb. When she got back to her room she lay down and rested for a while. Then she dressed leisurely and was all ready when Art Grollic called for her.

"You're not taking that dog!" he said.

"Not unless we go to the Colony. He could stay in front there."

"We're not going to the Colony," Art Grollic said.

They went to an Italian restaurant someone had told him about. It was a typically Italian restaurant, with unbelievably bad murals and not too good spaghetti.

"I thought if we had steak I could save a piece for the little dog," Vernis said.

There was no steak on the table-d'hôte dinner. Vernis picked up a bit of veal, put it in a paper napkin, and tucked it in her purse. It would probably soak through the napkin and spot her bag. Oh, well! There was nothing you could do about it. If you've got a dog . . .

ART GROLLIC was even duller than Vernis had remembered him. First he talked about himself and his business and his family. They were having trouble with one of his sisters, who wasn't quite right mentally and wandered around the house and stuck notes in odd corners. Then he didn't talk at all. There wasn't any movie he wanted to see. He didn't care about the theatre.

They stopped in to see some friends of his. Five people sat in a small, badly furnished living room. The men had their coats off. They had been sitting there, drinking, for a long time. Vernis drank a couple of drinks as fast as she could. She'd had cocktails with dinner and a highball afterward, but without effect. These made her feel better.

They went on then to a third-rate night club. Art knew the proprietor and Vernis felt that he thought he wouldn't get a check. They drank steadily. Art got a check. He wasn't in too good a humor from the drinks; it was clear that he didn't like having to pay for them. Art Grollic in a bad temper was something. "He'd be bad enough," Vernis told herself, "if he were dressed in solid gold and ordering special champagne at Monte Carlo."

They stopped in at a bar on the way home. More drinks. Vernis knew she wasn't too steady. Oh, well, with Art Grollic she was safe enough. He was so dull that when you talked to him you felt an artery had been cut and your lifeblood was seeping away. But there were a lot of artery-cutters. That was the trouble with being divorced and not so young. The really nice men all like young girls, or have wives that they stay home with. Women of her age either got artery-cutters or they got no one at all.

Vernis straightened herself and spoke with new dignity. "Got to get home. Right away. Got a dog!" She reached over, took a pretzel, and put it into her bag. "For my dog," she said, to anyone who might be interested.

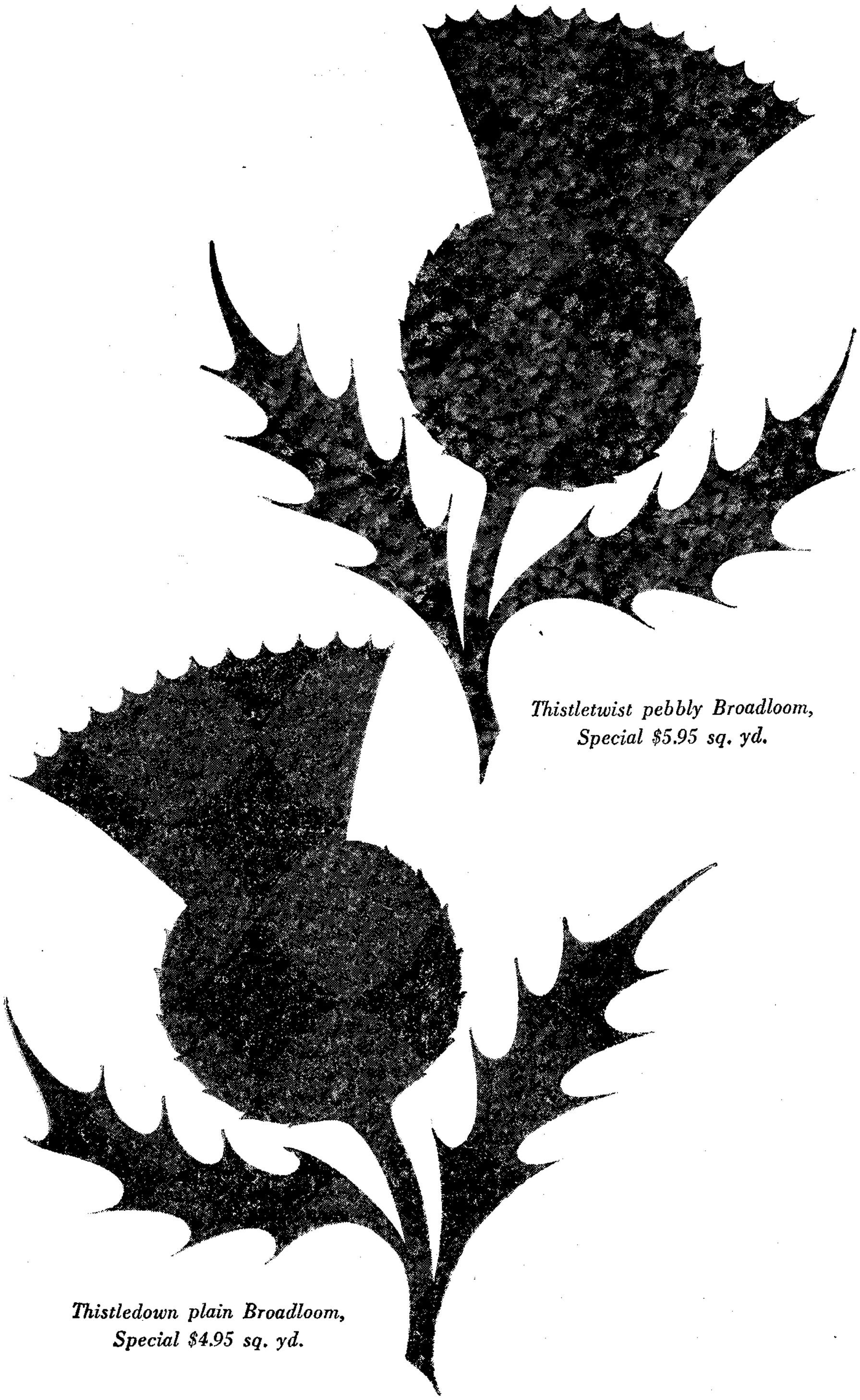
She told Art goodbye in the lobby. That was one thing in favor of artery-cutters—you could get rid of them.

"A wonderful time!" she said. Her voice was a little thick. "Let's get together soon! Do it all over again!"

"Surest thing you know," Art Grollic said.

MARTINI was waiting at the door. She put on his harness again and fastened his leader with unsteady fingers. This time she took him only a couple of feet from the hotel entrance and stood at the curb until he seemed ready to go back to the hotel.

In her room she took off her hat, her dress, her shoes. Her feet hurt. She



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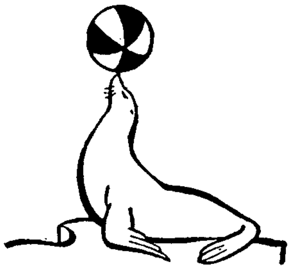

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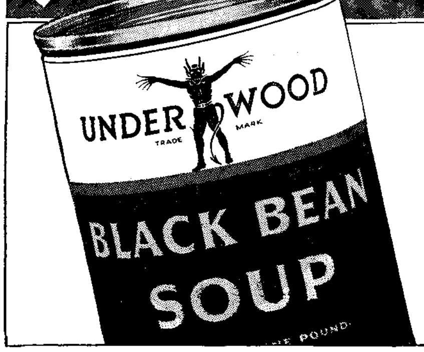

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crumbled the pretzel into a dish, opened a can of prepared dog food, and added it and the bit of limp veal. Then she put the dish next to the freshly filled water dish in the bathroom. Martini took the first mouthful before she even put it down.

She finished undressing then and sat on the side of the bed. She wanted to cry and she didn't know why she wanted to cry. She'd been out to dinner, hadn't she? Before that she'd been to lunch and to the movies with one of her best friends. And she had a dinner date later in the week. She didn't like her date very well, but after all you can't be too choosy, a woman alone. There might even be times ahead when she wouldn't get dates at all. But why worry about that? There were dates now. Oh, she'd been a fool, getting a divorce, but that was over. No use worrying about that. Maybe she was better off without her ex. They never had got along so well. After all, here she was, living in a hotel, a nice alimony check the first of every month, or she'd know why! Dinner dates. And women to have luncheons with and play bridge with. Pretty much all right.

The little dog, his dinner finished, came back into the room. He ran over to Vernis and with eager paws begged her to pick him up. Her arms went around him. Tears fell on the soft black fur of his head and ears.

—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

•

MUSIC-HALL MUSINGS

I thought of shuttles weaving cloth,
  Of slowly marching centipedes,
Of waves that beat and break in froth,
  Of beauty in a string of beads,

Of pillars in a colonnade,
  Of pebbles on a sunny beach,
Of soldiers passing on parade,
  Of stars, alike and out of reach.

I looked again along the row,
  Admiring symmetry, and yet
I thought I still would rather know
  A lone, unsynchronized Rockette.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Unkempt, sound old farmhouse, 1,700 ft. elevation, 8 rooms, fireplace, water piped in, brook. 25 shaggy acres. 45 mile view almost obscured by timber and decrepit barn. Privacy near large town. $3,800. Realty Associates, Brattleboro, Vt.—*Adv. in the Times.*

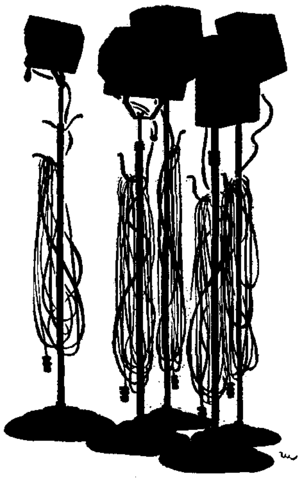
Thirty-eight hundred dollars in old, torn bills?

THE THEATRE

WELL, YES AND NO

SINCE "Let's Face It!," Vinton Freedley's new musical comedy, has been unanimously tapped for glory by the critics, a mildly dissenting voice probably won't upset anybody too much. In my opinion, then, the offering at the Imperial is a curiously uneven piece, ranging from genuine brilliance to downright foolishness, also unmistakably genuine. Conveniently enough, the up-and-down quality of the show as a whole is very accurately reflected in the performance given by its star, Danny Kaye, and we might as well face him first. Mr. Kaye, who exploded into fame last season in "Lady in the Dark," is unquestionably a comedian of great though peculiar ability, and his future seems more certain than most things these melancholy days. At this point in his career, however, the style, ease, and authority that distinguish the best of his work sometimes disappear and Mr. Kaye emerges as pure elf, a little whirlwind of squeals and contortions and other symptoms of Puckish allure.

In his current vehicle, to be specific, he achieves an astonishing comic tour-de-force by reciting the case history of a selectee ("Melody in Four F") in a mysterious tongue that sounds rather like a moving-picture sound track run very fast and backward, and it is hard to believe that this item, identified in the program as the work of Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman, could have been successfully rendered by any other actor in the business. On the other hand, at an earlier point in the proceedings, Mr. Kaye delivers a monologue called "Fairy Tale," also by Miss Fine and Mr. Liebman, which struck me as a gruesome blend of the nursery and the psychopathic ward, although I am obliged to admit that it didn't appear to distress the other customers in my vicinity. Anyway, it is my personal conviction that Mr. Kaye would be a slightly more satisfactory entertainer if he weren't intermittently persuaded that he had to be cute, and this, I think, is also the case with "Let's Face It!"



As you must know by now, Mr. Freedley's gift to the theatre is based on a farce called "Cradle Snatchers," which dealt with three boisterous matrons who decided to annoy their husbands by taking up with a trio of gigolos —obviously a spicy kettle of fish. In the musical version, by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, the high flavor of the original persists, in spite of the fact that the young men have been scrubbed up and now appear as recruits at an Army camp, and the dialogue still bristles with pert indelicacies. In the face of an overwhelming verdict to the contrary, I have to say that I found the greater part of the Fields book a trifle tiresome or (if I may repeat a key word) cute.

When, however, the plot is temporarily sidetracked and the stage is turned over to singing and dancing, "Let's Face It!" is a handsome and talented exhibition, ranking well above the average level of its species. Cole Porter's music and lyrics, though containing some echoes from the master's previous works, are very pleasant and witty, and several of them, like "Ev'rything I Love" and "Farming," are probably even better than that. While we're on the subject, incidentally, I'd like to say that since about 1932 I have been seriously depressed by rhyme schemes that always threaten to produce a well-known Anglo-Saxon monosyllable but at the last minute never do. However, this again is a minority opinion, shared as far as I know by nobody except one of my aunts, and you'd better just forget it. The dancing, if not sensational, is nice enough, and as it is performed by as tidy an assemblage of legs as I can remember, the average roué should be content. The scenery didn't impress me particularly one way or the other, and a fashionable lady told me during the intermission that she didn't think much of the costumes either, though graciously conceding that the girls had cunning little stomachs.

Mr. Kaye's principal assistants in the cast are Eve Arden, supposed to represent a dowager of forty but still about the most attractive article on the premises; Mary Jane Walsh, a good singer who also allows you to hear the words; and Benny Baker, a rotund and expert comedian, who submits cheerfully to a great deal of rowdy comment about his shape. Many of the others should be listed here and would be, too, if I didn't have to get on to something else.

ALTHOUGH nearly everything in the world is wrong with "The Land Is Bright," at the Music Box, it still manages to be an almost continuously interesting show. Roughly, I should say that in spirit and execution it resembles one of those articles in the Hearst Sunday magazine section which make a study of the turbulent affairs of bygone Vanderbilts, Goulds, and other pillars of society. Like these pieces, the play constructed by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman is marked by a strangely innocent and excitable point of view, contains practically every cliché in the language, bursts with melodramatic and implausible action, and offers an enormous cast of characters, all much larger than life but none in any sense lifelike. It is a gaudy simplification of the behavior of the American plutocrat, and like all popularizations of difficult (and preferably scandalous) subjects it has its appeal for the best of us.

In the space available here, it is hard to tell you much about a plot that traces the history of four generations of the Kincaid family, in the course of which two of them get murdered, eight or nine get married and have innumerable children, several take to adultery and drink, none by any chance ever refers to any sum less than four million dollars, and, finally, one of them loses his mind as a result of his experiences in a Nazi concentration camp. It is much too meaty for synopsis, but the theme, briefly, is the progress of the Kincaids from the wicked vitality of the founder, a robber baron, through a period of luxury and decay, characterized chiefly by a series of misalliances with harlots and decadent noblemen of the comic-strip variety, and up at last to the spiritual rebirth of the third and fourth generations, rather arbitrarily brought on by the present emergency.

While even the most attentive spectator is apt to have a pretty hard time keeping track of all the intricate relationships in the cast, especially in view of the fact that everybody ages violently during the intermissions, "The Land Is Bright" is a very satisfactory prescription for a lively and simple-minded evening in the theatre. It is only a pity that it turned out to be little more than a parody of the play Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman must have had in mind when they started to write it.

Among the actors who impersonate the Kincaids and their fascinating playmates are Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Arnold Moss, K. T. Stevens (a female), and Diana Barrymore. If the script doesn't always permit them to behave like human beings, at least they go through their duties with great spirit and intelligence. Jo Mielziner's set, an interior in the Kincaids' Fifth Avenue mansion, parallels in décor the cultural development of the family. It is a remarkably effective burlesque of the living habits of our native aristocracy, but I'm not sure that it doesn't serve to take the proceedings at the Music Box even further out of reality than they were in the first place.

I AM embarrassed to admit that George Jessel's "High Kickers," a musical comedy about burlesque that turned up at the Broadhurst, was a little too goatish for me. Starring Mr. Jessel himself and that robust survival, Sophie Tucker, the greater part of the performance is devoted to a combination of strictly anatomical humor and special Broadway reference that is either hilarious or just bothersome, depending a good deal, I suppose, on whether or not you are an admirer of burlesque in its pure and original form. There is some acceptable singing and dancing and a comedian called Chaz Chase eats and presumably digests a rather unusual blue-plate special consisting of lighted matches, flowers, a dress shirt, and a harmonica, but it all seemed moderately dismal to me. In fairness, however, it should be noted that Mr. George Jean Nathan, an icy devotee of only the highest and best in the drama, was frequently observed laughing his educated head off.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

"You see, I write the first draft quickly. That is fun. I've done that with this book. Then I start the re-writing, and that is agony. That's what I've got to go through now. I'm going up to Elizabeth Arden's camp in the Maine woods and try to work on it there, and also have cold cream slapped into my face all day long."—*From an interview with Katharine Brush in the Sun.*

There's no grind like the literary grind.

STRICTLY
*Con*food*ential*
(FOR MEN ONLY)

RHAPSODY IN "ROMANY"

Prize-Winning Recipe by Brooks Atkinson, New York, N. Y.

"Romany"! It's not a state. It's not even a state of mind. It's a *steak*, sir . . . and a steak of such lyrical succulence that—woo-woo—it will bring out the gypsy in you! No toughie to make is Romany Steak. In fact, it's such a cinch and a snap, you can safely bet your pinochle pals a few bottles of Three Feathers Whiskey that it will come out—but perfect! (Strictly *sub rosa*, you might put by a few bottles anyway.)

But right now, Romany Steak has the stage, and if you'll cross your butcher's palm with silver he'll give you a nice two-pound cut of round steak. Of course, he could run it through the grinder—like so—but no! If you want to have all the flavorful juiciness of the meat protected for you right up to cooking time, *hand-chop* the meat yourself. Man!—wait'll you taste the difference! There's an amazing lesson in *flavor-protection* right there—just as Three Feathers Whiskey will teach you still another lesson in Flavor Protection when you start setting up the drinks.

Alright then, you've got the steak chopped at last. Now cut into small pieces a quarter-pound of sliced bacon and fry it crisp in a large pan. Add the chopped beef and brown it a bit. Then empty a small can of tomato soup over the meat and let it cook 15 minutes.

By now, judging by the delicious aromas already flavoring the air, it must be pretty obvious to all that you're going to collect that bet. So get out those bottles of Three Feathers, set out the Manhattan glasses, and—instead of plunging into your *usual* Manhattan recipe, come right this way, folks, and meet a Manhattan as inspiring as the Big Town itself—*Three Feathers Manhattan Cocktail!*

It goes like this: You start off with *five*—get it?—*five* parts Three Feathers Whiskey—one part sweet Vermouth, dash of Angostura Bitters. Ice, stir, strain—adding the cherry is purely optional—and serve up a Manhattan so robustly, gloriously different that you'll start digging up new adjectives to describe it. Of course, the *five* parts is partly responsible—but it's the whiskey itself—Three Feathers . . . the whiskey that's Flavor-Protected to bring you the very cream of flavor in every full-bodied sip . . . that takes the biggest bow.

But 15 minutes is 15 minutes—and, it says here, that beautifully browned Romany Steak must now have 2 eggs stirred into it until they're firm. Keep stirring, and by the time you've told one of the visiting busybodies to whip up some piping hot buttered toast, you're ready to heap on each slice a steaming, savory helping of Romany Steak . . . and it requires no fortune teller to predict that it's going to taste three times as good as it looks—and it looks like a million. Why *three* times?—it's just a handy way to remind you that *Three Feathers Whiskey* always makes home-cheffing a mighty pleasant affair thanks to its magnificently fine flavor and smoothness!

Yours for Flavor Protection,

***TF**

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Every Week—until further notice—we're going to give away FREE, a handsome silver-plated Vacuum Ice Cooler (worth $20) to the amateur cook whose recipe is selected for use in Three Feathers' advertising. Send us your favorite food recipe, your name and address—that's all. All recipes competing for *this* week's prize award must be mailed on or before Saturday of *next* week. No recipes returned. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Open to all except liquor retailers, their employees, and employees of other liquor trade buyers. Address Dept. Z, Oldetyme Distillers Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Holds 3 pts. of ice cubes

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THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 72½% grain neutral spirits, 86.8 Proof.

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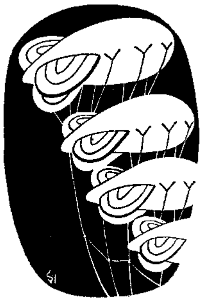
LETTER FROM LONDON

November 2 (by cable)

THESE long, strangely quiet nights are giving everybody plenty of time for talking. If they were less quiet, the talk which is going around at the moment might well be less noisy. If London were still being blitzed, the ordinary individual might at least be cheered to know that he was taking a share of the punishment and not just gloomily reading how the Russians were taking it. Meanwhile, the general dislike of a situation which is of nobody's choosing, however much it's Whitehall's dismal necessity, is causing high words in public and private among all sections of the population. More practically, it has caused the rich to dig down into their pocketbooks for the Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund, which is sponsored by Mrs. Churchill and has a list of subscribers headed by the King and Queen and Queen Mary. Those in more modest circumstances have had to content themselves with digging into their storerooms for old magazines and love letters in response to Lord Beaverbrook's appeal for a hundred thousand tons of wastepaper to convert into shell casings for Russia.



Apparently the increasing number of letters to the newspapers, which mostly begin in the vein of "Sir, it would be folly to ignore the fact that there is a growing sense of uneasiness, etc.," finally convinced the authorities that the public needed to be made to feel it was contributing personally to Russia's aid. When the clarion call at last came, however, it was found to be an invitation to a paper chase instead of an order to get in line for a munition-factory job. Various embittered people living outside the urban areas pointed out that they had collected their wastepaper months back, when there was a similar drive for salvage, and that it was still sitting right at home waiting to be collected. There was also a wail from scholars who had visions of priceless records being destroyed in the holocaust and urged that professional spotters be employed to snatch a possible contemporary Pepys or Fanny Burney from the salvage bins. Probably the funniest reaction came from certain government departments, which complained with dignity that the fuss about over-verbose official forms was unnecessary, since it was the invariable practice to turn these back into pulp after they had served their purpose, thus implying that it is patriotic to waste as much paper as possible in order to make more wastepaper for Lord Beaverbrook.

TO those who cannot ease their conscience by the simple gesture of writing a check or turning out a pile of back numbers of *Punch*, the question of action to aid Russia remains one of grave anxiety. Although it is now generally, though reluctantly, conceded that the time for the establishment of a Western Front has passed, since such an effort has been ruled out by the huge size of the British supplies earmarked for Moscow, there have been several public expressions during the last two weeks of the hitherto privately expressed dissatisfaction. Fifteen hundred people crowded into the Garrick Theatre for a meeting which, judging by the hundreds more who tried to get in and couldn't, might have been held more comfortably in the Albert Hall. After speeches by Harry Pollitt, the Communist leader, and Frank Owen, editor of Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, a resolution was passed demanding the creation of a second front to ease the pressure on Russia. Mr. Owen flatly stated that the critical Battle of Tannenberg, which the Russians fought in 1914 with bad equipment and with tremendous losses, and which had the effect of giving the British a breathing space on the Marne, ought to be duplicated now, only with the shoe on the other foot.

Those who felt that this was the way they wanted to be talked to, in preference to being told to hunt up their old envelopes and save Moscow, were unpleasantly set back by Lord Moyne's observation in the House of Lords a day or two later to the effect that a British expeditionary force at this juncture would be tantamount to suicide. The noble Lord's indiscretion was subsequently criticized by a government spokesman as being "unguarded." There are plenty of people who feel that statements of this nature, which responsible ministers let fall from time to time, are just about as unguarded as was the recent publication of Lord Gort's dispatches from the Battle of France at a moment when the clamor for a military diversion must have become embarrassing to the government. This tragic record of the legacy of the years which the locusts have eaten makes

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Have you a little "Guia Alfabetica Y Clasificada" in your home?

No, certainly not! Because *guia alfabetica y clasificada* happens to be the name of the Buenos Aires telephone directory. But the Long Distance operator at the overseas switchboard has a copy. In fact, she has a library of telephone directories from cities all over the world, so that she can locate numbers and any other information needed in connection with overseas telephone calls.

• This foreign telephone directory library plays an important part in handling a fast-increasing number of overseas telephone calls between the Americas.

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sad reading. It might deter anyone from wishing to see another expeditionary force launched with inadequate equipment against a superbly equipped enemy. Or again it might simply increase the current public uneasiness and anger over ministerial speeches which still complacently compare the present rate of armament production, admitted by Bevin to be forty per cent under necessary capacity, with the disastrously low output of the first seven months of the war.

Through all this uncertainty and downright alarm, one voice has been conspicuously missing, the voice of the great spellbinder, Mr. Churchill himself. Although one of his magnificent fighting speeches would effectually lift up the public heart, he has not spoken, and most of his recent Parliamentary utterances have been truculent defenses of his ministers from the heavy sniping of the Opposition benches. Even the great *Times* let out a warning rumble, stating, "Confidence in the Prime Minister personally is unabated but there is no firm conviction that all his collaborators are equally fitted for the tasks imposed on them." This is a restrained way of saying that there is a firm conviction among ordinary people that as long as the government includes such unpopular figures as Captain Margesson and Colonel Moore-Brabazon, to mention only two, public confidence cannot be said to dwell stanchly therein. Since the British are not given to shouting, all this talk rarely rises, in public, above a murmur. It is, however, the kind of steady, ominous murmur which British political history has proved before now is often the prelude to the lid blowing off something.

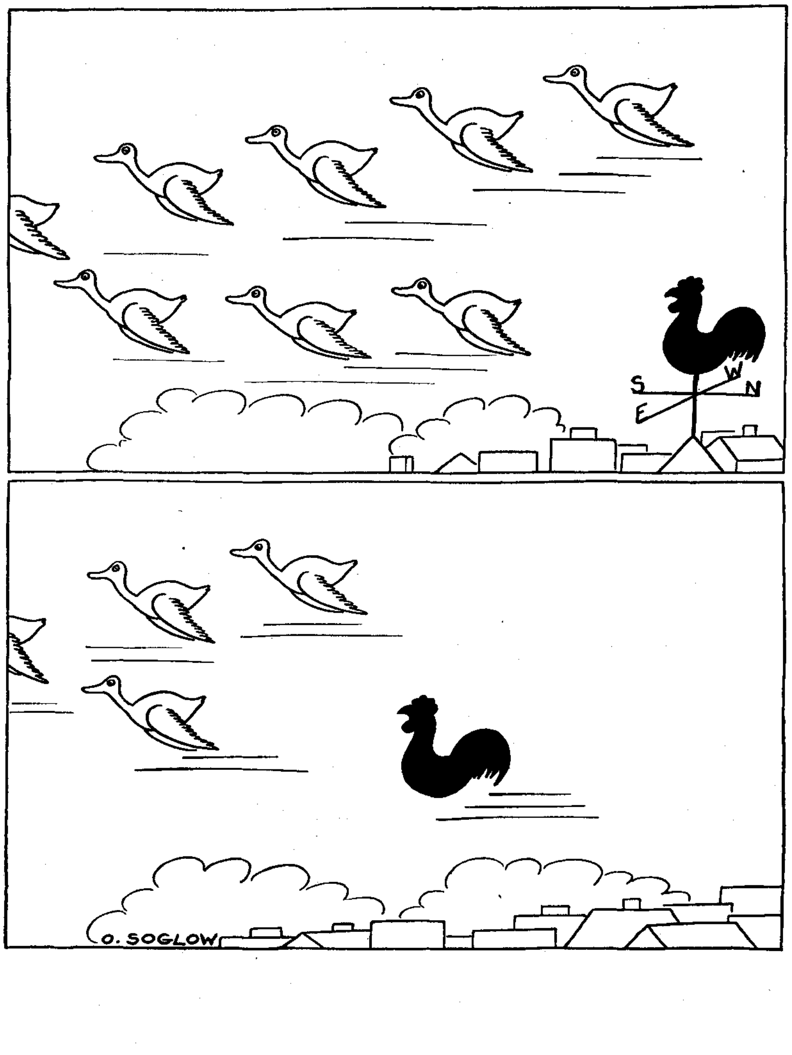
OCCUPIED though they are with the worries right here in their own back yard, Londoners were given a big lift by President Roosevelt's strong Navy Day speech. Few seemed to cherish any exaggerated hopes that the sinking of the Reuben James would have an important immediate effect on American opinion. At the moment, the British seem to be thinking less about who is getting into the war than about how, when, and where they themselves are going to get on with it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DOING A THING OR TWO ABOUT IT

THE middle of last June, Lord Beaverbrook, Britain's energetic Minister of Supply, delivered a fervent radio speech from London addressed to plumbers, radio repairmen, garage mechanics, electricians, instrument-makers, welders, blacksmiths, and other skilled craftsmen in the United States. "I appeal to you," he said, speaking earnestly to our men in overalls, "to come and help us. I call you to the front line of human knowledge. I call you to bring your insight and vision to the battle for the future world." To workmen between the ages of eighteen and fifty who responded to his call, Lord Beaverbrook offered steady jobs in England, repairing and maintaining the equipment used by the Army, Navy, and Air Force of Britain and her allies. Volunteers, he said, would be employed by the British government and belong to an organization called the Civilian Technical Corps. Though working closely with and for the armed forces, members of the Corps would not be subject to military discipline, nor would they be required to perform combatant service. They would sign up for three years or for the duration of the war—whichever proved to be the shorter period. Americans could join the Corps without losing their citizenship, Lord Beaverbrook explained, as no oath of allegiance to the King would be required. They would be on call to work a minimum of forty-eight hours a week, a maximum of sixty. Besides wages ranging from $24.12 a week for regular workmen to $38.65 for foremen, members would be provided with free board and lodging and Corps uniforms. As a clinching inducement, Lord Beaverbrook promised, American workmen engaged in the battle for the future world would receive from two to three weeks' annual vacation with pay.



After Lord Beaverbrook's speech, recruiting offices of the Civilian Technical Corps were opened in New York and two dozen other cities around the country. Since then some twenty thousand men and about two hundred women have come into the offices or written in with a view to enlisting. Before being accepted, applicants are required to pass a written examination to test their technical qualifications and to pass a medical examination as well. In addition, investigators for the C.T.C. check up on each applicant's history to make sure the Corps doesn't unwittingly hand out free room and board and a weekly wage to any Nazi spies. Close to five thousand applicants have so far been examined. Of these, about a thousand have qualified for enlistment, and are either already at work in England or en route.

THE head of the Civilian Technical Corps offices in this country is Mr. E. W. Russell, a squadron leader from the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve who has headquarters in the offices of the British Purchasing Commission at 15 Broad Street. I went down to see Mr. Russell the other day and found him a tall, handsome, engaging Englishman in his early forties. I told Mr. Russell I was curious to find out what kind of men were enlisting in this workingmen's A.E.F. and what reasons they gave for joining up. It's risky business to generalize about the applicants, Mr. Russell replied. For one thing, they have ranged in age from sixteen to beyond sixty. The sixteen-year-old passed his tests and was waiting in Canada to embark for England when the office here discovered he had lied about his age and had him returned. "The funny thing," Mr. Russell said, "was that the lad's parents were as disappointed as he was." The two hundred women applied apparently because of a misunderstanding. "A British official," Mr. Russell explained, "announced that he could use ten thousand women. He meant British women for the auxiliary services, but the statement was misinterpreted over here." There has been a surprisingly large number of applications from veterans of the last war, as well as a great many from people of British descent. Every state and even Hawaii have been heard from. "Why a chap wants to leave a South Sea island in times like these, I'll never know," Mr. Russell murmured thoughtfully. One applicant said he was willing to go provided he could take his eight-year-old son with him, many ask to take their wives, and some want to have their entire families. "It's strange," said Mr. Russell. "They don't seem to realize what war is about."

While we were talking, a man in a white coat, pushing an exceptionally commodious tea cart, appeared in the doorway and, without asking any questions, served Mr. Russell and me with tea and cookies. Tipping back in his chair and nibbling a cookie, Mr. Russell began thumbing through a stack of application letters. "Maybe these will give us a clue to why men want to join up," he said. "Here, take a look at this." He handed me a letter in longhand from a garage proprietor in Texas:

> I am 45 years old and married with a family and I have been in the repair game since 1916 on locomotives, cars and trucks and on airplane

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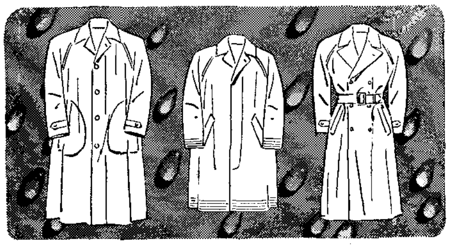

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engines for the United States Government during the World War.

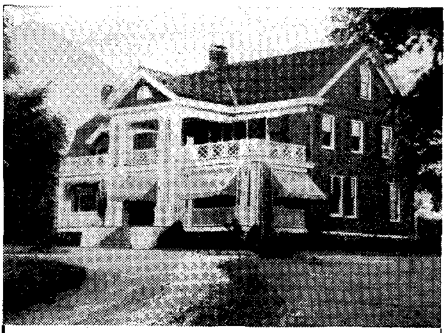
I can work at anything, any place I am needed, and I am tough enough to take anything any other man can take, and I am not scared of any German or anything they can invent and can take the worst they can deal out with pleasure, for I am sure what I can do will help to get a few of them before they get me.

I am a Texan, borned in Texas, the son of a Methodist preacher and a confederate soldier. I have had my General Repair business at this location since May, 1921. I am telling you this so you can check on me and see that I don't come from running stock.

I just want to get busy doing something that will do the most good and still make a living for my family. I am getting restless setting here working on pleasure cars and other stuff that's doing no good, so please let me hear from you as soon as possible.

I glanced at other letters—from the president of a Midwestern small-arms company, a professional parachute jumper, an Atlantic City pharmacist, a plumber in Brooklyn, a college instructor, a deputy sheriff in Minnesota, and an undertaker in Boston. "I don't know a thing about radio," wrote the undertaker, "but I'm experienced in the embalming game." A chemist in charge of research in a New Jersey pharmaceutical company asked for particulars. "It is time for me to be doing something more worth while," he said. A radio mechanic in North Carolina said that he and his wife, a telephone operator with three years' experience, would both like to enlist. "I hate to leave my wife," he wrote, "as we are married only three months, but she wants to go and will volunteer also." I asked Mr. Russell if any applicants were permitted to take their wives. He said no. However, he explained, arrangements are made for Corps members to allot to a wife or child up to fifty per cent of their pay in United States currency.

"On the whole," Mr. Russell remarked, "the letters we've received have displayed a fine spirit. I have seen only three that say to hell with England. The writers of those weren't applying for enlistment, of course." Dozens of inquiries have come from men in the services, Mr. Russell said, but the Corps cannot, of course, enlist them. However, men of draft age who join the Corps are automatically deferred by their local board. In allowing Britain to recruit American technicians, the government specified that they were to be returned here promptly if needed. President Roosevelt has given his approval to the Corps, and Mayor La-Guardia, speaking for the Office of Civilian Defense, and Wendell Will-



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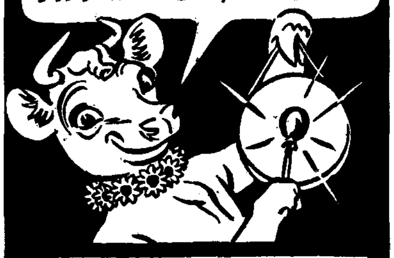

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kie, speaking for himself, have also endorsed it. Between fifteen and thirty thousand men are needed, Mr. Russell said. "That's the present ceiling, but if we ever hit it, it will certainly be raised."

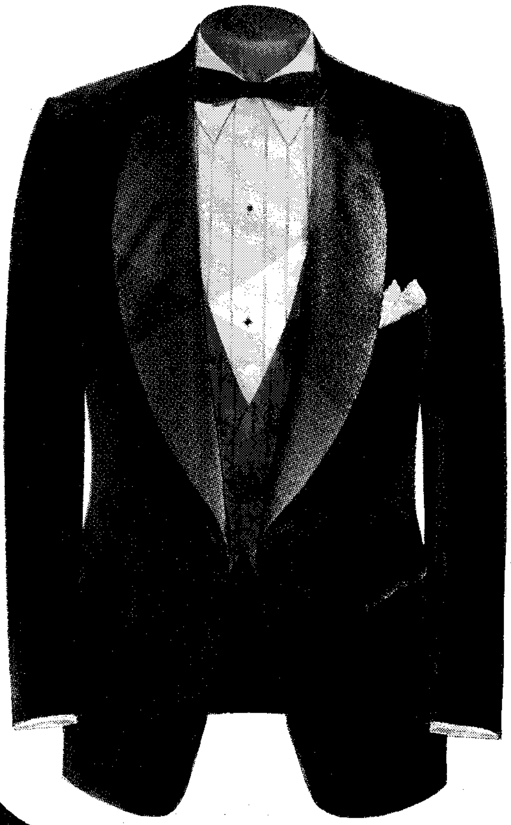
Love of adventure is the predominant motive of the applicants, Mr. Russell believes. He didn't think money was a compelling reason, since many applicants are willing to give up good jobs to enlist. A high-salaried radio engineer in Chicago was so eager to join the Corps that he called the office long-distance for six days running to get his application rushed through. "Then, these chaps want to have a smack at Hitler," Mr. Russell added. He considers that the second major motive. He suggested that if I wanted to make some observations for myself I should visit the local Corps recruiting office, at 25 Broadway, in the same building as the British Consulate. Mr. Russell's phone rang as I was preparing to leave. The caller, he explained when he had finished, was the wife of an applicant. The Corps has two kinds of wives to deal with, he said. One kind pleads that matters be arranged so the husband will fail his examination, while the other says, "In the name of God, see to it that that man passes." The Corps tries to keep aloof. "Our policy in matrimony," Mr. Russell told me, "is strictly isolationist."

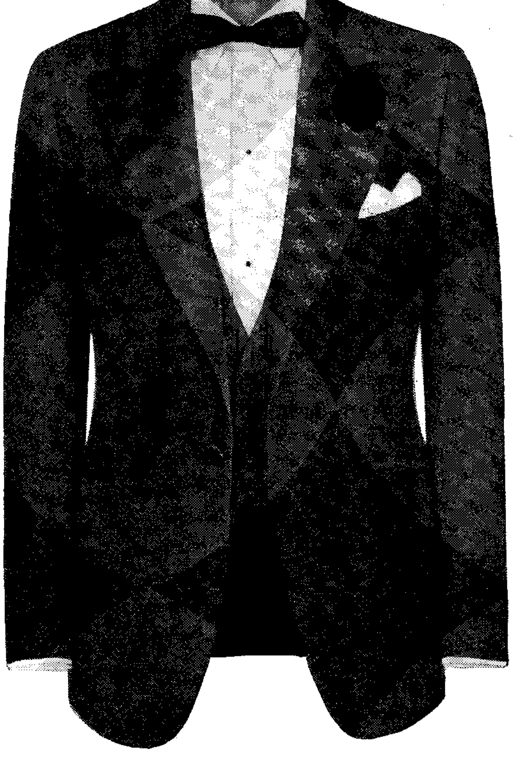
ABOUT eleven o'clock the next morning I arrived at the Corps recruiting office on the tenth floor at 25 Broadway and met the man in charge, a plump, pleasant young American who introduced himself as Mr. Stewart-Hill. Too bad, he said, I hadn't been there a few minutes earlier so I could have talked with an interesting applicant, an engineer who had operated the iron lung in which Fred Snite was brought back from China several years ago. The engineer had come in from the Coast that morning to join the Corps. Stewart-Hill introduced me to three young fellows who were sitting around a desk drinking tea. They were his assistants, he said, and, like himself, were Americans. The first month the office was open, he said, they handled an average of a hundred and fifty inquiries a day, but the number has now tapered off to about sixty.

After a while a dark-haired, neatly dressed young man wearing a green suit and a green sports shirt with a wide collar open at the throat came into the office. One of the assistants gave him an application form and suggested he fill it out at home, since it had to be submitted with a photograph. The young man thanked him and sat down

DINING IN OR DINING OUT?

BROOKS HOUSECOATS are a useful alternative for the dinner jacket for informal evening wear at home. In blue or maroon cotton velveteen, as illustrated, with shawl collar, satin faced, $52. In either blue or maroon corduroy with a shawl collar, silk faced, $32.





BROOKS DINNER JACKETS, in a fine English Dress Cloth specially imported by Brooks Brothers, are $68 (single breasted) and $70 (double breasted). Brooks Dress Coats are $78. Brooks Dress Trousers are $24. Dress Waistcoats are $20 (in black silk), and $12 and $13 (white piqué).

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at a table near the door to study the application. I went over to talk to him. He told me that his name was Leopold Braverman, that he had just turned twenty-one, had missed the last draft registration by twelve days, and had been working for three years as a truck-driver. He got that job through a friend of the family after graduating from high school, but he had grown sick of it and quit a few weeks before. "I came out the same place I went in," he said, sounding vaguely like a character out of Odets. "I had nothing when I started and the same when I quit. With this job, I could get a start in life. You can't just drift along. You drift along and nobody pays any attention to you, and pretty soon you've grown a beard and they're patting the dirt over your head. What's it got you?" Having driven a truck for three years, Braverman thought he knew enough about motors to qualify as a mechanic. I asked how his family felt about his joining up. "My father's all for it," he replied. "My mother's against it, but that's understandable. My grandfather's the one who's urging me on. He was in the Russian Army four years under the Czar, and he says it was the best time in his life. I already tried to enlist with the de Gaulle forces. They rejected me because they want college graduates who can speak French. I'd probably be in the Regular Army here except my sister's scared to have me enlist." He was silent for a minute or two. Then he said abruptly, "Some people say this is a phony war or an imperialistic war or some other kind of a war. Well, to me it's just a war. Look at all those people in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. I don't know. I keep thinking I ought to be doing a thing or two about it." He acted as though that was all he wanted to say, so we shook hands and he left.

The next applicant I talked to was an automobile mechanic from Brooklyn who was wearing black trousers, a soiled white shirt, and no coat or tie. I stopped him as he was leaving to ask if he could spare a few minutes to talk with me. "I guess I got all day," he said, and sat down. His name was Walter Kane and he lived in Flatbush with his wife and two daughters, fifteen and seventeen. He was thirty-nine and had worked as an automobile mechanic all his life. He said he wanted more than anything else to go to England. "I figure New York stinks," he said. "I put twenty-one years

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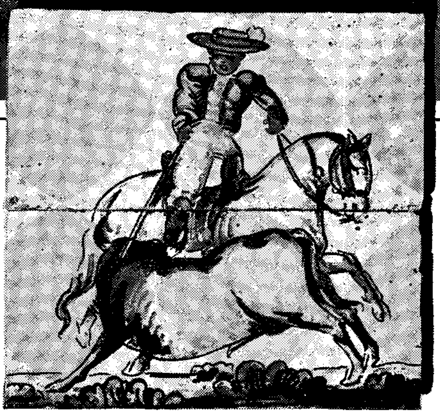

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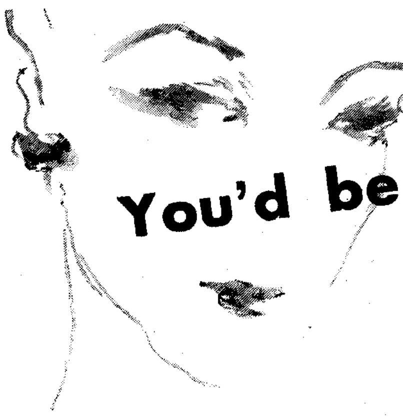

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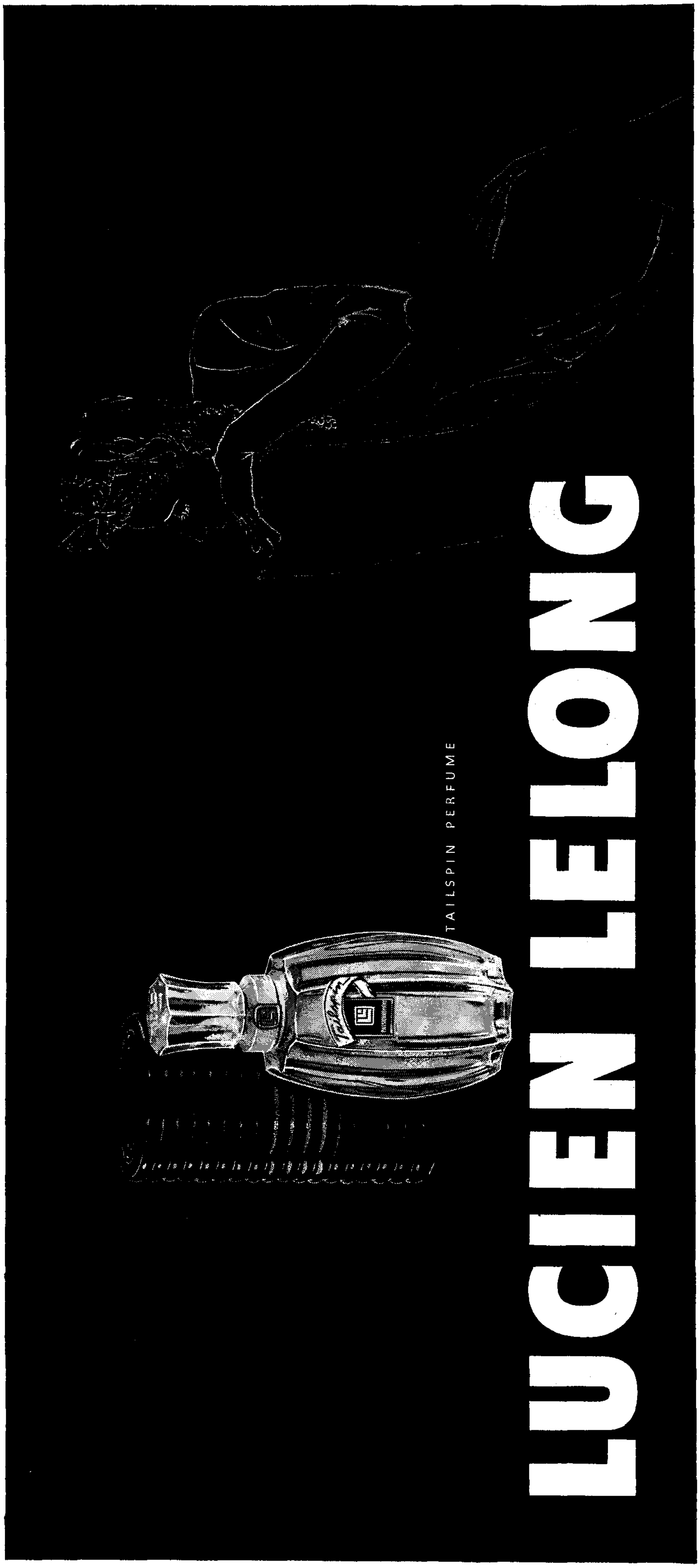
in the automobile business and now I can't get a job. So what the hell? If you can't get anything here you can go over there. You can still send some money home." Kane said his wife was opposed to the idea, but he thought he could win her over. His father was born in England and his mother in Ireland, Kane said. "What the hell," he said, "I'd like to get a shot at Hitler, too. Everybody would, but you can't do it being a mechanic. As far as I'm concerned, this here is just a chance for a steady job." I rode downstairs with Kane because I wanted to buy a package of cigarettes, and when we parted I wished him luck with his application. "I could use some," he said.

WHEN I got back upstairs, Stewart-Hill was talking with a man who was wearing a dark business suit and looked about thirty-five. His face was creased and weather-beaten. He was explaining that he had a chance to work at a Ford plant in New Jersey but would prefer to enlist in the Corps and was wondering how long it would take to find whether he would be accepted. It usually took about ten days, Stewart-Hill told him. The applicant said he would take a chance and wait, though it would probably mean letting the other job go. After giving him an application, Stewart-Hill introduced me to the applicant, whose name was John Beulens. Beulens and I got to talking.

"I'm a Belgian," he began, speaking in a low, quiet voice. "My folks have suffered plenty over there. They've been chased out of their homes twice now, once in the last war and now again. All my uncles, five of them, were killed in the last war and three of my cousins in this one. They had to get out, my relatives did. They had two old cars—two, mind you—for fourteen people and every blessed thing they owned. They all piled into one and put their belongings into the other. My nephew—he's seventeen—was driving the second car. They headed for France. When they got almost to the French border, my aunt looked back just in time to see the second car blown to bits. It was her son driving. Must have been a direct hit. I think about that, and it kind of burns me up." Beulens said he was a mechanic, had worked five years in a Standard Oil garage, had been several years at sea, and was pretty handy with all kinds of machinery. He lives with his wife and twelve-year-old daughter in Mount Vernon. "My wife works," he went on. "She's in the millinery line, so she can take care of herself and the girl. Also,



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I'll be able to send back some money on this job."

LATER on I talked with a number of other applicants. There was Thomas Scott, an ambitious, black-haired boy of twenty who works the night shift in an airplane factory and wants to get ahead. "I'm going over there to get paid experience," he told me. "Mom won't raise no objection and Pop don't care. As long as I'm happy, Pop's happy." Then there was a thin, shy young man who clerks in an A. & P. store and was rejected by the Army because of a childhood injury to his back. "Most of my pals have been drafted, so I thought I'd see if I could go over with this outfit," he told me. Later I exchanged a few words with an outspoken character who wore a pencil-line mustache, was chewing a cigar, and looked like a barker for a sideshow. "Brother," he said, "I'm not interested in being a hero. All I'm interested in is the almighty dollar." I had scarcely finished listening to this declaration of faith when a couple of tanned, husky kids from California clattered into the office. "We've been trying to go someplace for the last two years, like to South America for Standard Oil or something like that," one of them said. "Yeah, we want to get around and see stuff," the other put in. "After all, when you get married you got a ball and chain and all you can do is just sit around and wish you could go someplace. Well, we're free, white, and twenty-one, and we're going *now*." The boys breezed out of the office and presently I was talking to a radio engineer who said that his wife had died recently and that he wanted to enlist and forget his troubles in a new job. Then came a bellhop who is taking a radio course in a technical school at night and is ready to switch jobs.

A few minutes before I was ready to start home, a chipper, red-faced, peppery little man came trotting into the office and addressed himself to Mr. Stewart-Hill. "Tom 'Awkins reporting, sir," he snapped. "When do I shove off?" It quickly developed that although Mr. Hawkins had received word he had passed his examination (he had qualified as a radio mechanic), he had not heard when he was to leave. He would not be put off with assurances that he would be notified in a few days. "On the phone there, me boy," he commanded Stewart-Hill. "Ring up the headquarters." While Stewart-Hill was following orders, I ventured to ask Hawkins why he had joined the Corps. This was a mistake. He took a step

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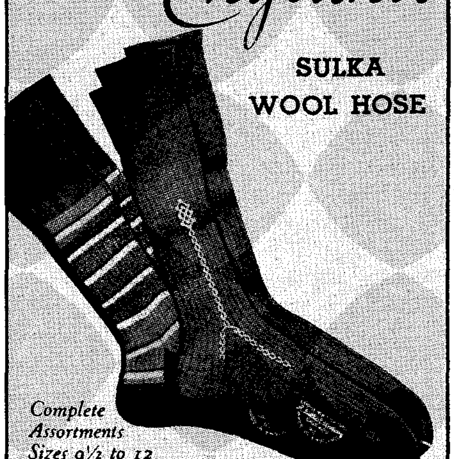

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backward and eyed me from head to foot. Several seconds passed. "Why, me young friend," he finally began, veneering each word with sarcasm, "perhaps you 'ave not heard there is a war. Perhaps you do not know there's forty million people over there in danger. Whatever 'elp I can give them, in any way, shape, or form, they deserve. I say if a German can be allowed to be a German, then an Englishman should be allowed to be an Englishman." The situation was slightly eased when I inquired what part of England he came from. He said he was from Lancashire and that all of his and his wife's people were still over there. When Stewart-Hill returned, he explained tactfully to Hawkins that he would have to wait until he was notified by mail when he would leave. After winding up with a few sharp words about bungling the war effort, Hawkins put on his hat. I walked out with him and we rode uptown together on the subway, standing on the crowded platform of a car.

I inquired about his work. "I'm in the building-service line meself," he replied, and explained that he has worked as an elevator operator in a building on Park Avenue since coming to this country eight years ago. Ever since the crystal-set days, he said, his hobby has been building radios, and he has built about every kind, and even a transmitter. He is glad now that he can put all his experience to work for England, and so are his wife and his grown daughter. We talked a little about the bombing of Britain. Hawkins isn't worried about that. "If you knew the danger I been through, you'd know I'm ready for anything," he observed, adding that he had served as a signalman with the British Army from 1914 to 1919. "Jerry didn't put a single scratch on me," he said proudly.

The train was approaching Grand Central when I decided to risk it. "Do you think Britain can withstand an invasion?" I asked.

Hawkins drew himself up. "Why, if the bloody bastards try it," he snapped, "we'll tear them bloody well apart! England will stand forever!"

The train stopped and I fought my way out. I glanced back at Hawkins, standing on the car platform. He looked rather invincible himself, even in the crush.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

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IT was a year ago last March, I find on checking my diary, that "Ladies in Retirement" came to town and proved one of the gruesome, spine-chilling delights of the theatre that spring. Flora Robson was in it, I remember, and Estelle Winwood was wonderful as a mad sister, a wild loony up to all the madhouse tricks, and Isobel Elsom was a charmer as the kind lady who has withdrawn to a house in the country after a notable career in the front line of the chorus. Now, in the proper course of things, "Ladies in Retirement" returns to town as a movie, a film carefully made to follow the outline of the play, and though it has only one of the original players left in its cast, the picture comes unusually near the very quality and spirit and mood of the play.

Miss Elsom is the one survivor, and again, as the friendly Mrs. Fiske, she sips her wine, nibbles her bonbons, hums her "Tit-Willow," and meets her doom there at her piano and at the hands of the woman she has benefited. Flora Robson has vanished, and in her rôle (an idea to startle and perturb some) we find Ida Lupino, of all people. I should say that nature was rather against Miss Lupino in this particular case, as it has given her the handicaps of looks and youthfulness, which are not just the attributes the part demands. Miss Lupino does everything she can to overcome these deficiencies, and she succeeds to an amazing degree. With the grim headdress of the plainer types of the nineties and with skirts that are made, I believe, of something relentless called bombazine, and with a good deal, too, of simple intelligence in her handling of both the fright and the sheer nerve which the character demands, she doesn't fail us but swings the story of the murderess to its inevitable climax. Elsa Lanchester, an expert at lunacy, and Edith Barrett appear as the mad sisters, determined to live out their lives in this rural cottage, where they are not wanted for a day, and to stuff the neat rooms with their collections of dead birds, underbrush, crows' feathers, shells, and all their other toys. Miss Lanchester, naturally, could hardly be happier than with such delirious material, and the antics of these two

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miserable creatures provide, somehow, a kind of irregular comedy that relieves the sombre narrative. Louis Hayward is the nephew, the young man who is quick to sense that something in this house is very wrong indeed, and he might, I feel, have suggested a sharper, meaner type. Altogether, however, the party of victims and villains, sane and demented, provides a fine, rich murder film, a logical, studied, and reasonable story of crime and its consequences.

MORBID my tastes may be, but I prefer such fiendish doings as we find in "Ladies in Retirement," for all their nightmarish wickedness, to such feeble fiddledeedee as "Appointment for Love." "Appointment for Love"—a title I seem to repeat as though it were in itself some rare lyric—presents both Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer in various moods and postures, formal and informal. We follow here the problems that face a successful playwright when he marries a beautiful physician who wants to keep on with her medical practice. The situation is dealt with lightly in a series of farcical if somewhat overfamiliar scenes involving jealousy and the like. The lightness has a bit of what used to be known as the Continental point of view, and I was not surprised to find that the author of the story is that Mr. Bus-Fekete, who hails, as you know, of course, from Kecskemét, Hungary. Mr. B.-F. has travelled far, but this picture has the true old Kecskemét touch.

"ONE DAY IN SOVIET RUSSIA" runs only about an hour, but it may seem longer to those not completely fascinated by views of collective farms, tractors, cities north and south in Russia, types Muscovite and Siberian, and even Eskimos. Quentin Reynolds lectures us as the film trundles along, and at times even Mr. Reynolds' enthusiasm sounds a little perfunctory.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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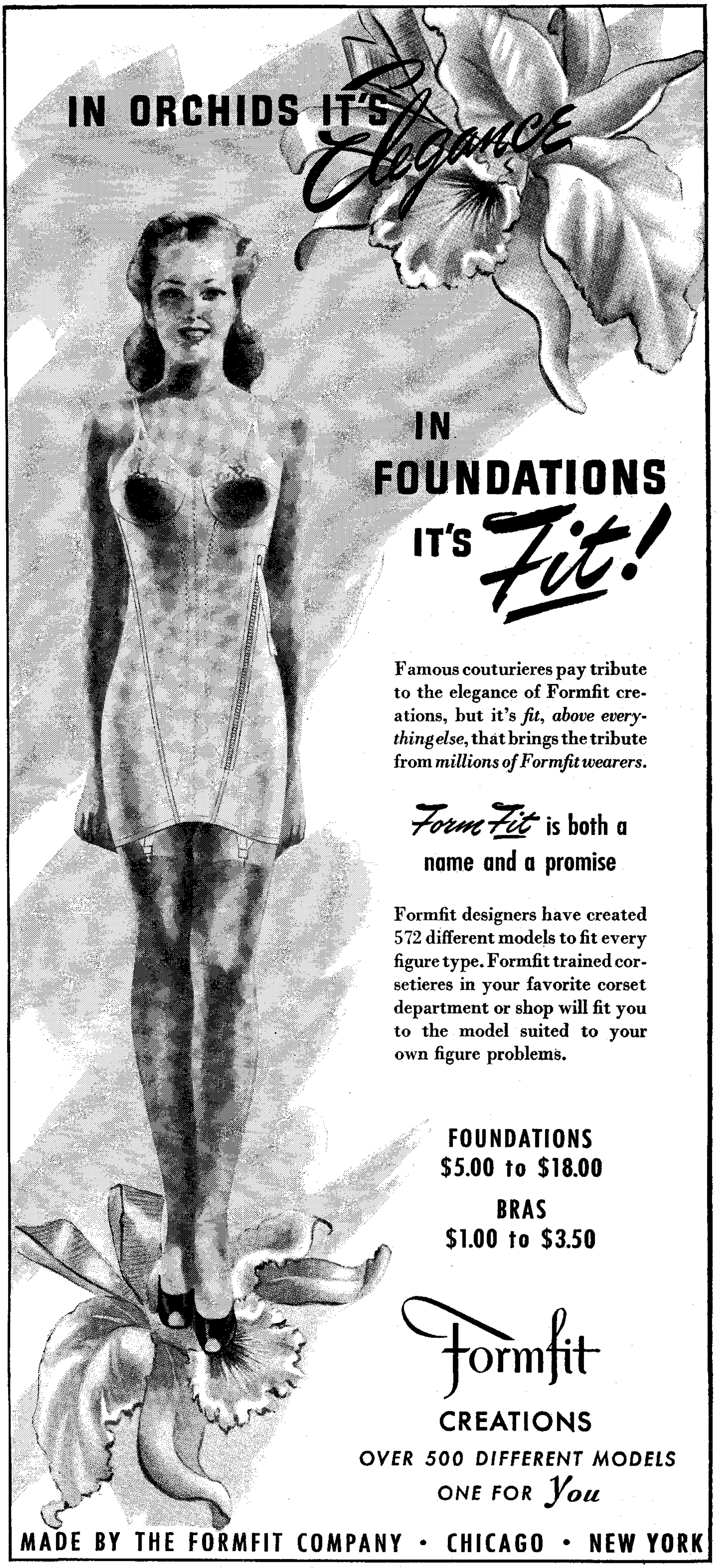

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BRONX LAUREATE

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—

the Muse once kissed me. I was the first poet, and perhaps the last, to be crowned by the Bronx.

I wonder whether the distinguished Negro poet Mr. Countee Cullen remembers that year—1919—when he and I stood briefly equal before the shrine of the Muses—he, Poet of my present dwelling, Manhattan, and I, Poet of the Bronx. About *his* future the augurs have been justified. They seem, however, to have been sadly overconfident of the powers of the Poets of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, as well as of mine.

My English teacher at Evander Childs High School one day announced the details of a citywide poetry contest. Each high school was to choose its own best poem; later, a committee of "celebrated poets" would select from these offerings the poet for each borough, after which a renascence of the poetic spirit in our great metropolis was to be expected. My teacher, as she concluded her remarks, expressed her hope that our school might not be unrepresented in the semifinals, and she looked significantly at me. I remember that the color flushed to my cheeks as I sat before her, publicly humiliated. In those days, Evander Childs was notorious for its fast set. Dancing and dramatics were the chief interests of the student body and *Variety* was our favorite periodical. I was able to maintain the good will of everybody despite my rhymes—which were the only ones ever submitted to our school magazine—solely because I had satisfactorily impersonated a number of villains and old men (my specialty) in a series of plays performed in the school auditorium.

I felt sure that if I won the contest, which I considered not at all likely, I would forfeit all the hard-won stock of tolerance from my friends. But if I *were* to be so unlucky, Edna at least would be pleased. Edna was a girl I had a violent crush on, and she alone, having my constant assurance that she was the source of all inspiration, took notice of what I wrote.

She can lay claim to having given the impulse for the poem that won me my title. During a long, grave talk on her porch one night, she not only urged me to enter the contest but also hinted that I might try my hand, for a change, at a love poem. All the world's *great* poetry, she reminded me, was about love. My pieces on music, trees, flowers, rivers, the soul, patriotism, my mother, and my baby brother were all very well, but I had left unattempted the heights. "Of course," she said, "I suppose a poet must be *really* in love to be able to write a real love poem." The pain this archness cost me and the hurt look I threw her are vivid in my memory yet.

That night, when my parents were safely asleep, I wrote in the full anguish of unrequited love my masterpiece, "To Sylvia." It opened:

It seems your gentle voice I hear;
Lowly you whisper in my ear
That cherished name, forever dear:
Sylvia.

The brooklet sparkling o'er the stones,
For you it sings in tangled tones;
The whispering wind, for you it moans:
Sylvia.

The next two stanzas I've forgotten. In them, I know, the sun, moon, stars, and mountaintops were summoned to call upon that blessed name. For good measure the last stanza contained an extra line and a repetition of the rhyme:

From the robin's first call in his nest
Till the fiery sun sinks in the west,
Ask who of Nature loves you best,
And they will speak of Heaven's behest:
Sylvia.

That is as much as I can remember of the poem I submitted for the contest. I had, of course, no competitors at Evander Childs.

Edna professed to be jealous of Sylvia until she forced out of me the admission that Sylvia was my name for her. After that her pleasure in the verses soon wore off, and when she lost interest in them, I did too. I had forgotten all about the contest when my English teacher suddenly informed me that I had been elected Poet of the Bronx.

She had no very clear idea of what I was to do about it, and I lived for some days in a state of expectancy. My family and Edna were, of course, proud of me for a little while, and even my younger brother treated me with a certain amount of respect, until we recovered our old status by a quarrel over a slice of cake. Then came a letter from Martha Foote Crowe, chairman of the contest committee and author of several volumes of verse.

I think it was being addressed as Mr. Grebanier that suddenly made me understand what new worlds of experience were opening to me. Mrs. Crowe was happy, she wrote, to welcome me to the company of poets in general and of borough poets in particular. It was interesting to note, she said, that mine was the only amatory poem submitted, and she trusted that I did not confine myself to that species. She had liked my poem very much indeed, particularly for the pretty alliteration and the touches of Nature, but the last stanza was a little inferior to the rest. The meaning there was rather obscure. While I still had time (for what, I wondered), I might choose to improve it; at any rate, she offered, for what they were worth, her criticisms of the final stanza. Who, for instance, was the "you" of the third line, and who was being asked the question in the same verse? To whom did "they" in the fourth line refer? Could it be the robin, which was singular in number? All that vagueness might be forgiven, however, since the general idea was clear enough. But how was one to explain the last line? What was "Heaven's behest"? She supposed that I was aware that "behest" meant "command."

I had actually never given the meaning of "behest" a moment's consideration. In my adolescent mind it may have been confused with "bequest." Or else the intoxication of rhyming was responsible for it. Mrs. Crowe's letter brought home to me for the first time the fact that one couldn't write verse with the feelings alone as guide.

"It might be better," Mrs. Crowe concluded, "*if* I might take the liberty of tampering with your poem, Mr. Grebanier, to revise the last line to read, 'And they will say, at Heaven's behest: Sylvia.' That, though it will leave the stanza still weak, will make an intelligible conclusion."

I penned at once an extravagant, self-abasing letter, in which I admitted to Mrs. Crowe that she was entirely right, that her last line was *beautiful*, and that I didn't intend writing any more love poetry. In substantiation whereof I enclosed "The Spirit of Poetry," a poem composed for the occasion. Mrs. Crowe responded with a polite note expressing satisfaction with "To Sylvia" as it now stood and requesting my attendance at a meeting of the elected Borough Poets at the home of Mrs. McGiffert on Claremont Avenue, near Columbia University.

Mrs. Crowe turned out to be a motherly, gray-haired woman. She informed the Borough Poets on our arrival that Mrs. McGiffert was the poet-wife of a very celebrated doctor at Union Theological Seminary. I had never before heard of that institution, and its name evoked in my mind impressions of vast erudition, austerity, and piety. It seemed right, therefore, that Mrs. McGiffert's furnishings should be stiff and museumlike. I sat on the edge of an episcopal chair, sipped my tea, nibbled on a cookie, and felt unworthy.

Mrs. Crowe did most of the talking. She told us about Mr. McGiffert and the McGifferts' furniture. Then she told us about Mrs. McGiffert's great friend George Gray Barnard, the great sculptor—how he loved stones and delighted to collect them, how he was building again, stone by stone, the marvellous Cloisters, which we must visit; how you pulled a bell to get in, and a man dressed like a monk answered it, just as in the old monasteries; and how Mr. Barnard had found a very great medieval painting in a French peasant's attic. After each item, Mrs. Crowe turned to Mrs. McGiffert and received a smiling confirmation. I was puzzled about what all this had to do with my being Poet of the Bronx, for at sixteen I was ignorant of conversation as an end in itself. From time to time I grinned at the other Borough Poets. We were all of the same age and similarly lost in this wonderful environment. Countee Cullen's name struck me and there was a curious authority in his bearing. I respected him at once. I also remember one girl—from Richmond, I imagine—with long curls down her back, and red cheeks. She had on a fluffy party dress and sat with folded hands and spoke only agitated monosyllables when addressed. When we were asked to read our masterworks, hers turned out to be a seven days' wonder, for it had been written first in Latin and then in English and rhymed in both languages. After that feat I felt abashed when Mrs. Crowe called sadly upon me to read my "erotic poem." To conclude the ceremonies, Mrs. Crowe read some of her own verses, including a poem on Lincoln, full of inversions. Then we arranged to meet in a few weeks at the Staten Island ferry. We were to pay a visit to the great poet Edwin Markham.

The weather was bad on that occasion, and we missed several boats because of the lateness of the Poet of Queens. Then Mrs. Crowe lost her way on the island. Finally, when we got to the Markham home, the old poet did not seem to understand what we were

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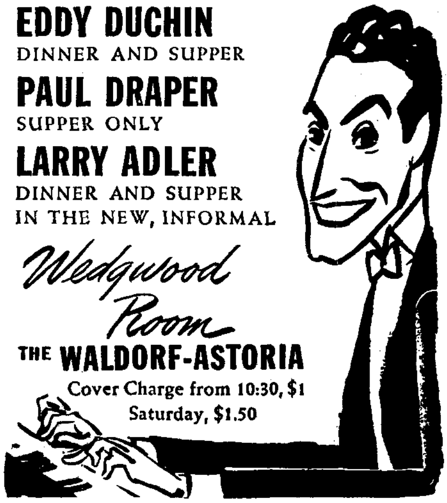

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FERNET BRANCA SINCE 1845
In the United States
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
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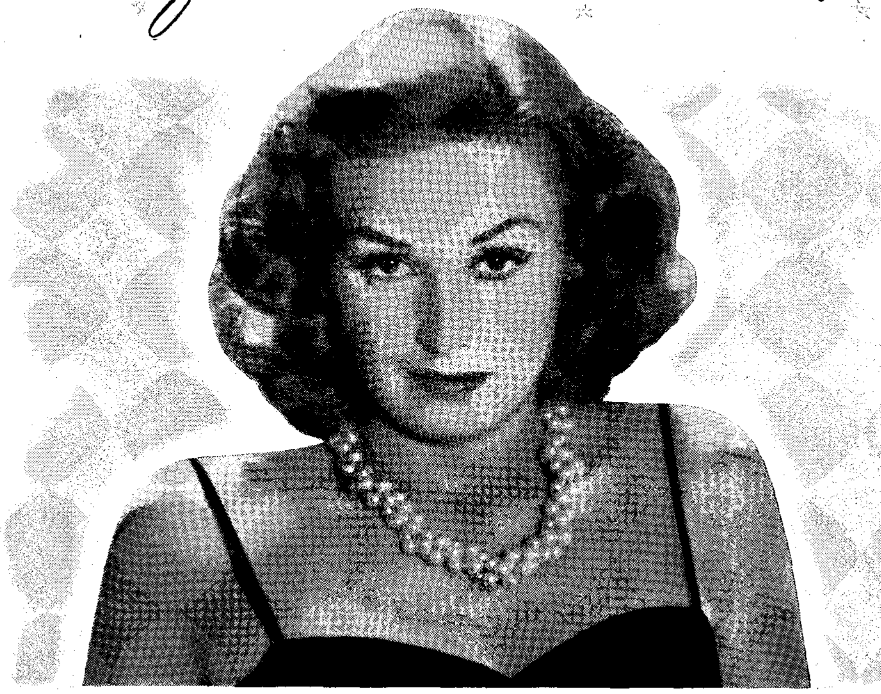
WHEN YOU BUY BLANKETS...

follow the stars!



Rosemary Lane of the famous sister trio deserts Hollywood this season for Broadway to star in George Abbott's musical comedy "Best Foot Forward". When it comes to selecting blankets for her home Miss Lane puts her best foot forward and chooses North Stars.

The Sweet Simplicity of Miss Lane's charming early American bedroom in her San Fernando Valley home is enhanced by the pure white North Star blankets which point up the blue carpet, white-maroon-blue checked wallpaper, crisp white organdie curtains and satin smooth maple furniture. Do you need blankets? See the new North Stars . . . they'll give you real pleasure every day, every night, for many years to come. $7.95 and up.

NORTH★STAR

Blanket of the Stars

all doing there, and could not, in spite of Mrs. Crowe's efforts, be made to utter a syllable.

SOME days later our first public appearance took place in a hall of the Forty-second Street Library. Several delegates from the Federation of Women's Clubs were there, and they suggested that we appear before the national meeting of their organization, to be held soon at a large New York hotel. Mrs. Crowe thought that would be just fine. Anna Hempstead Branch read us some of her poems. I remember one that, she explained, was made up entirely of the "beautiful names of New England towns." Then we recited our pieces. The girl who had written the poem in Latin evoked great admiration. When I was called upon, last, Mrs. Crowe announced that mine was the only love poem in the group and added, "I rather think our young poet wrote this lyric to an *imaginary* ideal and not to any actual, living woman." After such an introduction, I stumbled badly through my lines, but on the way back to my seat I couldn't help noticing friendly smiles of encouragement from the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Before their national meeting came along, however, sudden reverses at home necessitated my temporarily withdrawing from high school. I was soon too busy looking for a job to think of my laurels. When I came back to Evander Childs the following term, nothing was said about Borough Poets, and no one ever mentioned my title again.

—BERNARD D. N. GREBANIER

•

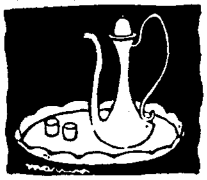
"IT'S NEVER LONESOME IN BROOKINGS"

[*From the Brookings* (*S.D.*) *County Press*]

The car traffic in Brookings never ceases—day or night. Our all-night cafes and gas service stations and night policemen tell us that the most of the through trucks pass through the city between midnight and day break. Many of them stop for gas and oil, and the drivers usually eat their night lunches in Brookings. Add to this truck traffic, at this season there is a considerable car traffic carrying hunters who are going out in the small hours to get located for the day's hunting. Also add the night prowlers, local, and those coming back from trips and getting early starts on trips, and you have quite a night life in Brookings. "It's never lonesome on Main avenue in Brookings," is an expression that is often made by those familiar with the night life of the little city. There are many similar-sized places, where street life is almost a complete "black out" from 10 p. m. until the stores begin to open.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



EVEN casual strollers along easterly avenues and side streets in midtown cannot help having noted during the last year or so that shop windows displaying antiquities have been taking on tone. This is more conspicuous in the case of the ordinarily less distinguished exhibits, of course, but it's true of all, and traceable every time to the arrival here of magnificent Old World porcelain in such quantities as to leave no doubt that, almost without knowing it, New York has suddenly become the world centre of antique porcelains. There is no cause to be squeamish about buying these fragile treasures because of their original sources or the reasons for their being on this side of the water. After all, these things have seeped in, a piece here and a whole priceless collection there, from parts of the world in which the American dollars given in exchange for them are of an immediate importance so much greater that it isn't measurable by any known standards.

Right now, without half looking, you can find arrays of old Chelsea and Staffordshire, of Meissen and Dresden figurines, stately Sèvres garnitures, and dinner, dessert, and tea-and-coffee services from the great porcelain periods of past centuries that are enough to stir any amateur pulse, let alone that of a collector. Bargain-hunters, however, need not apply, unless they are willing to put their knowledge of porcelains to the test in obscure and quite possibly questionable spots at, as you may imagine, even greater risk than in ordinary times. Reputable dealers (and you needn't go beyond the bounds of the East Fifties to find enough of them to supply you with antique porcelain for life) are asking, and getting, standard prices for their beautiful wares. That is to say, you'd better be prepared to pay plenty.

FOR example, a forty-piece tea-and-coffee set in late-eighteenth-century Spode is one of the few notable items priced at less than a thousand dollars in the collection of antique services at Arthur Vernay, 124 East 55th Street. At just over a thousand ($1,080, to be exact), there is a set of a dozen plates that once belonged to the du Barry and is even said to have been designed by her. In any case, the set is part of a dinner service made for her in 1771

don, those wonder-workers in French porcelains at the Sèvres factory. The design embodies a monogram in which a "D," traced in gold, is intertwined with a "B" made up entirely of tiny pink rose garlands. If you put sentimental association aside, I suppose that Vernay's superb forty-piece dessert service, made at Pinxton, with borders and centres of pink briar roses upon a turquoise ground, might be considered an even rarer find. Pinxton is so seldom encountered except in single pieces, such as vases, that avid fanciers doubtless won't so much as blink at the price—$1,400.

PHILIP SUVAL, 49 East 57th Street, has a dazzling array of porcelain services of the best periods. One of Bloor Derby (there's a name that gets respect even from the glib boys who prattle so casually of Coalport, Worcester, and Billingsley's Rose) is in the handsome and celebrated No. 1 pattern, in rich red, blue, and gold, which was designed for George III. With two enormous covered tureens, seven joint dishes, four covered vegetable dishes, and a grand total of seventy-two dinner plates, this suggests entertaining on a fairly generous scale. It costs about $3,000. Suval is understandably proud, too, of a distinguished collection of eighteenth-century porcelain figurines in which the inevitable and always-in-demand shepherds and shepherdesses, and the rare combination of Harlequin and Columbine, appear. A Four Continents group of figurines in Derby, for $850, although referred to airily by the shop as a cheap set (you see how the mind begins to work when exposed to old porcelain?), is an especially charming and ingenuous example of its type, with the customary four symbolic figurines painted in delicate enamel colorings—delicate even in the case of the American representative, an engaging, fair-skinned blonde savage dressed to the eyes in ostrich plumes.

FOR animal figurines, if they are your special passion, it would scarcely be possible to find a richer source than the Ackerman Galleries, 50 East 57th Street. Fox masks, dogs of various breeds (including magnificent greyhounds in all the incredibly graceful poses they can get themselves into), and jungle beasts are beautifully modelled in Rockingham, Crown Derby, and Staffordshire, among other fine porcelains. A superb pair of early Rockingham leopards, with young, is priced at $225; a figure of Barnum's great gray Jumbo is $115, and it really *is* Jumbo, all right, because its name is marked on it.

Even in antique dessert services, the spirit of the chase is paramount at Ackerman. Decorations on these services run to hunt motifs, one set of twenty-four Crown Derby plates showing the whole course of a foxhunt, from a prologue

FILMOFOAM
Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth

Filmofoam . . . your magical substitute for handsoap

Tissue-thin wafers, scented with Blue Grass, to give your hands fastidious care while shopping and traveling. A single wafer melts into a fine lather that cleanses your hands thoroughly and helps to keep them soft. Carry FILMOFOAM—always.

Case, 65c. . .three cases, 1.75, six cases, 3.00—plus taxes

Superfine Tooth Paste

(the fox and his vixen and three cubs, snug in their den) right through to the kill; circa 1780, and $2,000.

AT Symons, 12 East 53rd Street, are to be found services representing the best in English porcelain, and one of the very finest is an armorial Lowestoft tea-and-coffee service brought here from County Banff, in Scotland; it once belonged to William Duff, an ancestor of Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Duff coat of arms adorns this sixty-seven-piece service, which boasts two tea caddies and two teapots, doubtless just to be on the safe side. Dates from the seventeen-fifties; $3,500. A handsome Chamberlain Worcester combination service in the Bengal Tiger pattern, with which you could serve dinner, dessert, and tea in style (about a hundred and sixty pieces, including a pair of fruit-coolers), is $2,750. The sought-after Chelsea gold anchor mark appears on the reverse sides of the fifteen pieces comprising a dessert service with the fruit and bird centres beloved of porcelain artists of its period (around 1750; $1,000). A Vincennes garniture from the collection of the Duke of Leinster consists of one large and two small urn-shaped vases of soft white paste enriched with women's heads in relief and gold swirl decorations; $1,200. There's a sweet little buy, too, for a Lowestoft-fancier in a New Hall tea service of twenty-eight pieces decorated in the Chinese Lowestoft style; $150.

A FAMILIAR Lowestoft legend is

bane; $950. Its pattern, with a striated gilt border surrounding motifs of fruits, butterflies, bees, and even an occasional ladybug, is a thing of great imagination and delicacy, and three separate Chelsea identification marks—the red anchor, the gold anchor, and the Chelsea Derby insignia—appearing upon different pieces of the set bear witness that the service was accumulated by its original owners through three Chelsea periods. Parts of this service, which originally was much larger, already have found their way into our museums.

Far and away the most spectacular bit of porcelain extravaganza at this place, though, is a tremendous cheval glass framed in baroque Meissen and mounted upon a tulipwood base. This staggering piece of work tied up pedestrian traffic on 52nd Street when it appeared in the gallery's shop window, and no wonder. You'll have to see it to believe it, and give $1,200 to own it.

OF unusual interest at the shop of Charles Woolsey Lyon, 15 East 56th Street, is an early Wedgwood tea service, transfer-printed in black and white upon cream ware. The decorations are the comparatively rare Sadler prints and the price is $350. A pair of Sèvres urns, circa 1830, commemorates the visit Lafayette paid us, and the decorations show Castle Garden, New York Harbor, and St. Paul's Church on lower Broadway, all amid burnished flourishes in gold leaf. This pair of prizes costs $765. A $375 pair of Lowestoft bowls in the Monteith shape bearing the arms of Alexander Hamilton also has an American-history background. Bowls of this type were made to chill sherry and Madeira glasses for epicurean sippers; their deeply scalloped edges held the wineglasses suspended in iced water.

THE smaller specialty shops have not, of course, cornered the entire catch of antique porcelain. Enormous supplies of it are to be found at the great china houses, like William H. Plummer and Davis Collamore. Plummer has in its uptown shop, at 695 Fifth Avenue (54th), a collection of porcelains showing the influence of the China Trade upon Lowestoft and other English porcelain makers of the eighteenth century. A deep Royal Worcester bowl in this collection, circa 1790, shows characteristic and beautiful Oriental motifs; it bears the rare gold crescent mark of the Worcester factory. Elsewhere in the shop is a Lowestoft dinner service of sixty pieces, in whose floral borders and apple-green rims the Sèvres feeling is clearly recognizable. This set embodies everything that is desirable in antique porcelain. It's $1,800.

At Davis Collamore, 7 East 52nd Street, a tea-and-coffee service with borders of pink roses and forget-me-nots with a delicate tracery of gold leaves is a true example of the flowery elegance of old Derby; $365. Another enchanting service is of Spode, important because it is of the period when the transfer method of decoration was coming into use at the Spode factory. Its landscapes, typical of Spode transfer designs, are in gray on cream ware, with gold rims; $235.

—B. B.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

Aim or Focus

ONE man's guess is as good as another's as to why it has been a banner fall at the Abercrombie & Fitch shooting grounds at Bayside, Long Island, but this much is no conjecture: to get an hour out there during the next few weeks, you'll have to phone for a reservation several days in advance (Murray Hill 2-3600). Ever since the grounds were opened back in 1928, the autumn has been a busy time, with gunners trotting out to practise up before cutting loose at game birds, and this season has seen a real jam. Bookings were recently accepted for a Sunday, thereby ploughing under a long-standing rule.

The grounds are the only place around here that I know of where anybody can practise field shooting under fairly natural conditions and be coached, if desired, into the bargain. Seven trap layouts are set up around the five-acre plot and release targets which imitate the flight of anything from duck to quail. There is even a grouse butt, which used to get a great midsummer play from the cosmopolitan sportsmen before they went abroad in August for the Scotch grouse season—an activity, of course, that's dead as Daniel Boone these days.

If you're an incipient fowler with no more in the way of equipment than a burning ambition to learn how to shoot, don't worry. They supply all the paraphernalia you need at the grounds, down to such refinements as shotguns with adjustable stocks. These fit customers of whatever size or sex, and an experienced coach goes with them to explain their use. Even qualified gunners who plan to do some hunting this year will find that time spent solving the tricks out there result in fuller game bags when they start out with their licenses.

The use of the grounds, which two can share if they want to, is $5 an hour.

RUSSIA LEATHER
CHANEL
Russia Leather

Chanel interpretation of the great outdoors. A spicy, sparkling fragrance with a dash of paradox.

Equally smart with heathery tweed or sequins on black.

Sophisticated No. 5, romantic Gardenia, Russia Leather, spirited No. 22, Glamour

Clothes courtesy of Hattie Carnegie

No. 5, Glamour, No. 22, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Chanel, Inc., New York

CHANEL

John Schaefer, the coach, is prepared to give you plenty of good tips, at no extra cost. Targets and shells are charged for at the rate of $2.50 and $4 a hundred, respectively. To reach the grounds, you can motor out on Northern Boulevard or take the Long Island Railroad, whose trains stop every half-hour during the day at Bayside station, from which the field is only a ten-minute taxi ride.

BEFORE I leave the subject of shooting, I might mention a slight shortage around the shops of firearms in what could be called the Home Guard calibres (.45 revolvers, for instance, and .30 rifles) and also of the ammunition for them. Except in this category, however, the stores are well stocked with firearms. Most of the sporting-goods-store people I've talked to think they have enough guns and shells on hand to take care of their needs for at least one more hunting season, while specialty shops like Griffin & Howe, at 202 East 44th Street, have a sufficient stock of parts and materials for custom-made guns and rifles to see them through an even longer period.

GIVEN three weeks to do the job, Eastman will make color prints of its .35-mm. and Bantam-size Kodachrome film at relatively low cost—a trick most experts thought would be only a brave dream for some years to come. Hold up your end in the field work, and the results aren't half bad. Prints of 2¼ by 3¼ inches are seventy-five cents apiece; 5-by-7½ ones are $3.50.

Another camera item: The Wabash Blackout Superflash Bulb presents all sorts of fresh possibilities in flashlight photography. The bulb goes pouf!—emitting light invisible to the eye yet perfectly adapted to taking pictures when used with an infra-red filter and film. This, as you can imagine, means a lot when it comes to night-time candid shots. Most photographic-supply shops carry the bulbs at fifty cents apiece.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: The Hobby Shop, that amateur carpentry den, has moved from 746 Madison Avenue to larger quarters at 117 East 60th Street, where manual-training *aficionados* can test a lot of recently acquired power tools.

NEW BOOK: Parlor tricksters who enjoyed Alexander Van Rensselaer's "Betcha Can't Do It" will welcome his latest, "Try This One!" It's just as full of suggestions for performing mad feats, such as the removal of an

So, the Top-Kick kicked in with a St. Marys

It was only a birthday, but my khaki hero had written: "Here's beauty to the beautiful — and may it keep our love ever warm." (Like poetry, bless him!) But that's the old Top-Kick for you. Sentimental, but practical. He knows, for instance, that St. Marys blankets are 100% wool — luxuriously soft, with gorgeous colors rich as autumn leaves and exquisite bindings that wear and wear.

See for yourself — at leading stores!

ST. MARYS WOOLEN MFG. CO., ST. MARYS, O.

St. Marys BLANKETS

brewed by The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

• Just about every dining and drinking place of quality from coast to coast is glad to serve you

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

NATIONAL Premium A pale dry BEER

RADIO COMMENTATOR LOWELL THOMAS
". . . I like the Bellevue."

"I think the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel splendidly represents Philadelphia and its famed hospitality. I like the Bellevue . . . the service and the friendly atmosphere."

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager Philadelphia
Reasonable Rates
ONE OF THE FEW FAMOUS HOTELS IN AMERICA

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
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Famous for the Special Dinner
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ice cube from a highball by using no more than a piece of string. Nay, my wack, it's not as easy as that; you're not allowed to tie any knots. —E. F. K.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

NO matter how hard it may be to believe at this juncture, with days and days of shopping staring you mockingly in the face, it is certain that on Christmas Eve you will find yourself experiencing a most surprising warmth, bounce, and glow. We realize, though, that this knowledge will not get you smoothly over the pre-holiday hurdles. So, anticipating your ordeal (for we are very wise after all these years), we embark this week upon our annual job of scouting through the shops of Manhattan in search of appealing gifts, hoping that we may lighten the burden of shopping for compulsory in-laws, and hoping even more that we may help make your Christmas Day an oasis in which the joys of giving will add up to something memorable. Weekly, from now until Christmas, we plan to be back with more and more discoveries. A warning word: We have no shopping service, and beg you, therefore, if you come across anything here that you may want to investigate later, to save your copies of these lists until *your* list is wholly checked off.

This week we discuss gifts which, depending upon the care and imagination applied to their selection, can be just the right thing or simply banal. Thus:

Christmas cards, below
Stationery and playing cards, page 61
Handkerchiefs, page 63

And so we're off:

Christmas Cards

THERE isn't too much gaga or novelty stuff in the 1941 Christmas cards, and this is all right with us. The belly laugh, in our opinion, never mixed well with the reverent hope for peace on earth, nor did flag-waving seem compatible with the tender legends surrounding Santa Claus. (The so-called patriotic cards of last year have mostly disappeared.) As usual, you can find cards all over town made from designs by members of the American Artists Group—people like Rockwell Kent, Dale Nichols, and Adolph Dehn, to name but three. The Designers and Illustrators offerings are all around, too, and are somewhat more lighthearted, among them being Prestopino's little angels in red flannels. You'll find, for

Did someone mention the NEW Revlon Lipstick and the way it stays on?

Someone? Half the smart girls in 48 states are raving about it. Raving about the way it stays shimmering clean on the lips, *never* gooey. Raving about the way it stays on—as you'd expect of a lipstick made to go with that famous "stay-on" Revlon Nail Enamel! Raving about the marvelous shades to match Revlon fingertips... especially HOTHOUSE ROSE, new color-of-velvety-roses-by-candlelight; to take you "out of the red" into rosy, romantic *prettiness!* If you want perfection, get a Revlon Lipstick now, this very minute, at your favorite beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

only 60¢ also $1 size
Federal Tax must be added to all prices

Revlon
world's most famous name in nail enamel

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Persian Room at the Plaza

JEAN SABLON
Singing hit songs from
his International Repertoire
"J'Attendrai" "Le Fiacre"
"Tout Seul" "Nao, Quero, Nao"
"My Sister and I" "Star Dust"
At Dinner & Supper & Saturday Dansant

GOWER & JEANNE
Dance at Dinner and Supper
and at Sunday Cocktail Dansant

DICK GASPARRE
and his Orchestra
at Dinner and Supper
and at Saturday Cocktail Dansant

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING SATURDAY AND SUNDAY
THE PLAZA · FIFTH AVE. AT 59th STREET

MM-M-M-M-M
MILSHIRE!
The hosts who win... serve
MILSHIRE GIN
90 proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.
The POT STILL GIN

the first time, pictorial reproductions of good American sculpture—works by Manship, Warneke, and Robert Laurent, who are also members of the American Artists Group.

Here, then, are some of the new fillips to old sentiments:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Cards for the out-of-doors man include hand-colored John Duntze prints of game fish (sporty white marlin, for instance) and birds (like sleek Canadian geese flying over water); from $6.25 for twenty-five, including printing your name. Carl Burger's scenes of speckled trout, pheasants in the snow, or, for that cozy end-of-the-day touch, cocker spaniels curled up before an open fire; ten and fifteen cents each.

ALTMAN: They're excited here about Hollywood cards. Burton Till's are duplicates of those sent last year by 24-carat movie stars. Assuming these leave you cold, look at Tessier's, which are safer; among them is a lighted Christmas tree standing in a snowy forest and surrounded by animals. Currier & Ives prints which your friends will want to frame are $2 each. Beautiful Chinese Christmas cards help send aid to China; twelve for $1.

BEACON BOOK SHOP, 46 East 46th: Good Manhattan skylines, which men especially like. An assortment designed here and made up in Switzerland looks hand-painted and consists mostly of children surrounded by the more lovable wild animals; from ten cents. New Agnes Schleicher designs—modernistic affairs, such as a blue-and-red burlap Santa with a metal Christmas tree—are $6.10 a dozen, with your name. Katherine Crockett's cards include shiny black paper horses with red chenille manes and tails and are good for hanging on the tree; $28 a hundred, with name.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Sheets of notepaper in Wedgwood blue with a white-and-cerise scroll, down the centre, on which you write your own message; $5 for fifty, and a nice idea. Three Agnes Schleicher designs you won't find elsewhere, our pet one being a magenta Madonna in a white lace-paper gown; $8.50 a dozen, with name.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Tradition in a changing world, expressed on imported cards (from $15 a hundred) showing English hunting scenes (one presents pink-coated huntsmen sitting around smoking long clay pipes), and on religious cards with hand-colored etchings of Notre Dame, and even of St. Patrick's Cathedral against a midnight-blue sky. Very comforting.

BRENTANO: Lots of foreign calendars, among them a mammoth Raphael Tuck one proclaiming "There'll Always Be an England" and showing twelve historic or rural English scenes; $1. Also, cards for special purposes—Christian Science, Braille, etc.

CARTIER: Ye goode olde English cards with coaching, hunting, or religious themes start at fifteen cents. New York etchings show Tammany Hall a hundred years ago and Trinity Church twice that far back. And there are some beautiful Madonnas in Florentine frames.

DUTTON, 270 Park Avenue (48th): Strong on foreign cards, at a nickel and up. Among them are Swedish postcards of gnomes preparing their Christmas feast, and imaginative Swiss ones showing a little boy playing the flute to a charmed butterfly. Impressive: English cards reproducing treasures in the British Museum and National Gallery. Blithe again: an angel distributing presents to tiny Santas—and it's about time.

GERARD, 48 East 48th: Lovely hunting cards with a mocking note; a derisive fox, for one, clinging to the tail of the horse of a gentleman riding to hounds; $18 a hundred. Other cards show a mouse sound asleep with his stocking hung at the foot of his bed, and untidy little angels with long, stringy hair ringing bells as they clamber over clouds. Very gay.

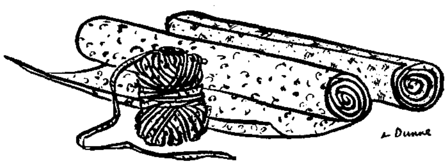
GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Julia Martin, figuring the boys in camp don't go in heavily for angels and cherubs, has designed some cards dealing with Army and Navy life (Mom and Pop visiting their heroic offspring against a background of igloo-like tents, say); she's also done some contemporary New York scenes, like City Hall in snow so clean no mayor would know the place; fifteen cents each.

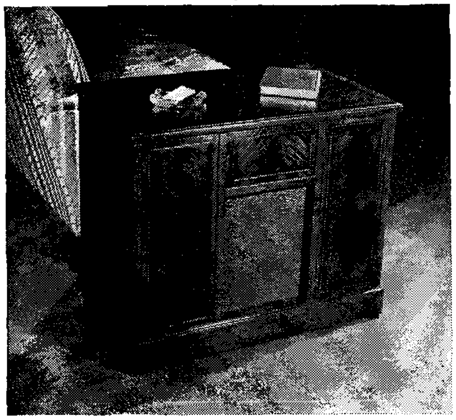
LORD & TAYLOR: The really new falderal of the year—balloons which puff up to disclose your name on their surfaces, together with scenes of cherubs sliding down clouds on sleds, children making snowmen, or whatever. They come packed flat with silver-paper bases to support them, when blown up, like globes of the world; $15 a hundred, and it takes ten days to have your name put on them. Seventeen Dorothy Simmons designs, all this shop's own, range from a Madonna with roses adorning the hem of her robe to a cozy picture of four youngsters hiding on a staircase, waiting for Santa; $15.95 a hundred, including name.

MARCUS, 679 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Colored etchings by Clara Tice of amusing animals—giraffes, poodles, and an elephant and a panda solemnly shaking hands; fifty cents to $1 apiece. Water colors, hand-painted, of winter scenes —snow-covered houses, churches, and brooks—in soft blues and lavenders aren't exciting but they're awful nice; $4 a dozen and up.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: It's the same old you-can't-go-wrong story here —cards and bookmarks with reproductions of masterpieces, anywhere from a nickel to twenty cents. Ask, and they'll send you a catalogue.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF ART AND INDUSTRY, 119 East 19th: A group of hand-painted cards takes you all the way from sailors brandishing foaming beer mugs to red-headed angels with umbrellas protecting them from falling star dust—the gamut, that's what, at prices running between ten and twenty-five cents. Maril, one of their pet artists, will carry out your own ideas in design at rates which start at $2.50 for twenty-





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A NEW SERIES OF
Libertyphones

. . . Some of the outstanding and important features of these new models for 1942: Frequency Modulation radio with silent tuning . . . International Short-Wave with band-spread for more accurate and easy tuning . . . Single and Dual High-Fidelity dynamic speaker systems . . . Single and Dual amplifier systems . . . Newest automatic record-changer with balanced tone arm. ¶ Above is the 18th Century English Chair-Side—it is but one of twelve exclusive custom-built Libertyphones.

LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
450 Madison Ave. at 50th St. • 773-5 Fifth Ave.
Savoy Plaza) • 795 Madison Ave. at 67th St.

It's Desert Time!

SUNSHINE for health in the magic setting of the glorious desert. Find new life at The Desert Inn, where 35 garden acres provide a delightful vacation setting. All sports . . . charming bungalows and suites . . . delicious food. Join America's most distinguished winter colony for health and happiness.

33rd season under original managing ownership of Nellie N. Coffman, Earl Coffman and George Roberson.

THE DESERT INN

Send for MAGAZINE: Address Suite N

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

five. Restful place, too, what with sofas, armchairs, a fireplace—everything.

Putnam, 2 West 45th: Small folded cards with borders of angels blowing long, golden horns, and space for people who like to write their own messages. Cards with felt figures of a skier rushing home with a Christmas tree or Santa carrying a bag are twenty-five cents.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Hand-colored cards designed by Regina, who has a weakness for jovial animals—an elephant carrying holly branches in his trunk, for instance, or a penguin with a peppermint cane under one wing; $7.25 for twenty-five, including hand-lettered name. Some robust colored woodcut prints show Old King Cole or a medieval chef with a steaming plum pudding; $6.25 and up for twenty-five, with name.

Scribner: Old prints (quaint, and why not?), such as Kate Greenaway figures framed in holly and outlined with white lace paper ($8.50 for twenty-five) and copies of Currier & Ives winter scenes, Godey prints, or Victorian floral motifs, starting at five cents each.

Tiffany: Appealing religious cards, including one of a full-length Madonna in the woods, surrounded by birds and with two little rabbits crouching at one side; $12 for twenty-five. Lots of conservative hunting and coaching scenes, too, and good. Also gay affairs, like one, all blue and silver, with cherub faces peering out of snow crystals.

Washington Square Book Shop, 27 West 8th: Endless good cards at five and ten cents apiece. Trick photographic shots (a group of large bells, for example) are a refreshing change from the sea of Santas. Don't forget, you can have a hundred cards made up here from your favorite negative; $12 to $22, depending on size.

Stationery and Playing Cards

NOVELTY in stationery is, in general, lacking, except for V-for-Victory paper (thin white sheets with an enormous baby-blue V running from top to bottom), which is to be found on every counter and, even if you question the taste of the idea, looks very innocuous indeed after the violence of the red, white, and blue mania of last year. Everybody is madder than ever about thin paper of the air-mail type, and borders are to be found on practically everything. We are warned, incidentally, that a shortage of colored inks is fast approaching and that borders will soon become a thing of the past, so if your friends are addicts, they'll thank you twice—once on Christmas and again later on. Pure-white paper will become increasingly rare, too, and off-white and colored papers will supplant it. As for playing cards, the most distinguished new offerings are the American Artists cards, with backs that are reproductions of paintings by John Steuart Curry, Thomas Benton, and Dale Nichols; $2.50 for two packs at Black, Starr &

"It's Dorothy Gray Dry-Skin Cleanser that makes my skin look smooth, childishly clean!"

THE most luscious cleansing cream imaginable—actually a cleanser and emollient in one! The vegetable oils in Dorothy Gray Dry-Skin Cleanser are *double-beaten* for extra-thorough cleansing—*plus softening.* Smooth on . . . wipe away stale make-up, dust, bits of flaky-dry skin. Dry-Skin Cleanser (formerly Cream 683) leaves your skin radiantly clean . . . with a *smoother* feeling. $1, $2, $3.50.

DRY-SKIN CLEANSER
(CREAM 683)
Dorothy Gray

Opening this week—New Salon Course in "Personality Styling"

Make a note of the time—*Tuesday or Thursday evenings, 6:30 to 8:30.* Let Dorothy Gray Salon experts help you remodel yourself into a new personality! Lessons in skin-care, make-up, hair-do, clothes-styling. Exercise, diet, voice modulation, smart dancing. 6 sessions, $20; 12, $38. Write or phone Miss Blanche Genet, Dorothy Gray Salon Director. 683 Fifth Avenue . . . WIckersham 2-6109.

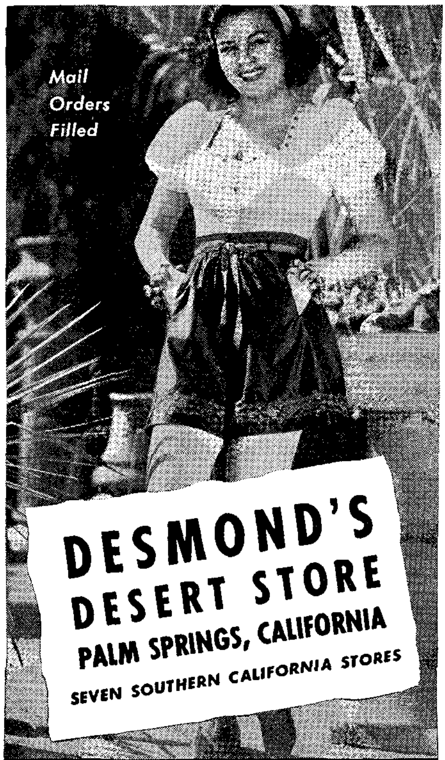
DOROTHY GRAY
American design of Beauty

Copyright, 1941, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

DESMOND'S DESERT FASHIONS

"Chiquita"

was the pet of the Racquet Club Fashion Show here in Palm Springs when Desmond's pre-vued this and other Sun Fun Fashions. White eyelet pique blouse and Black glazed cotton skirt with Red trim, $19.95 or with dinner-length skirt, $22.95. Bare midriff blouse and shorts, $16.95. Sizes 10 to 18



Mail Orders Filled

DESMOND'S DESERT STORE
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA
SEVEN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STORES

COME SEE US WHEN YOU COME TO THE COAST

Gorham and Altman. The perennial washable Kem cards are all around, the newest back design having a clipper ship as its central feature. As in the past, Abercrombie & Fitch will make up playing cards backed with a photograph of a dog, a country house, or whatnot; a minimum order of twenty-four packs costs $24. Generally speaking, however, cards are still cards, which is why the following lineup has to do mostly with stationery:

BERGDORF GOODMAN: If your friend is Florida-bound, she might like some cool-looking single sheets in, say, lemon yellow with bright-blue or lettuce-green borders; $4.25 for fifty sheets and envelopes. Paper resembling mottled checkbook stock comes in green, mustard, or pink, but the lady it goes to must know her own mind, for erasing botches things; $2.75 for fifty sheets and envelopes. Playing cards range from jumbos, which are slightly wider than standard and have extra-size markings for nearsighted people ($1.50 for two packs), to miniature cards from England ($3 for two packs).

CARTIER: Informal notepaper of the French type is folded horizontally top and bottom to meet in the middle, with a crest or monogram on the top fold; $3.75 for two quires, with envelopes, and the monogram is extra. (The shop's shimmering cutout monograms in mother-of-pearl outlined in color add a lot to such papers.) The footloose will love the Air Portfolio, a gaily colored box that has a pad of thin paper fastened to its cover and contains envelopes, a pencil with magnifying-glass handle, and a pocket for stamps; $3.75.

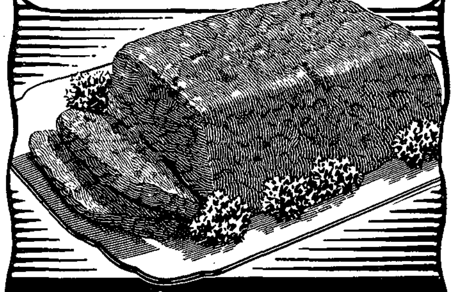
GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Notepaper that is light enough for air mail but opaque for a change, so that you can write on both sides; $4.50 for two hundred sheets and a hundred envelopes, and mighty practical. Heavy notepaper in pale shades like sea-foam green; a hundred and fifty sheets and envelopes, $4. Jensen suggests enclosing gift certificates with unmarked paper so your friends can go in later on and have the stuff monogrammed as they think best. Makes sense.

LORD & TAYLOR: Army Posts are postcards with a busily scribbling soldier pictured in the upper left-hand corner. You get thirty-six done up in a box which is ready for mailing, and pay but fifty-nine cents for all this brazen hinting. The Circus Box, for children, has a cover decorated with a tent and menagerie and contains white ruled paper with circus figures scattered here and there.

MACY: Playing cards dished up in all sorts of fancy ways. Some packs have backs resembling gilt tooled book bindings, to make you feel like a literary Canfield; $1.09 for two, including a three-letter monogram. Cards with the British arms are naturally popular right now. Ninety-four cents for two packs, and there's a de-luxe version consisting of four packs in a simulated red alligator case with a handle on top; it resembles a jewel case and also contains four score

Step Up BEEF LOAF flavor with racy HEINZ 57 BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

HEINZ
HEINZ
57
BEEFSTEAK
SAUCE
STEAKS
CHOPS-GRAVIES
FISH-CHEESE



Makes Thrifty Meats Taste Better

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
SMOKED TURKEY

RARE DELICIOUS DELICACY

Here's a really different taste thrill. CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEYS, declared deliciously different by epicures. Plump, premium, young birds, cured in imported spices and smoked over fragrant applewood embers by the Forst family, who have prepared and smoked quality meats for more than eighty years. Serve these golden-brown birds hot or cold; weight 8 to 18 lbs.; cost you $1.25 lb.; money refunded if you are not satisfied. Interesting recipe booklet with each turkey. The FORSTS, Rondout Sta. 1, Kingston, N. Y.

#14
WASHINGTON MEWS
ON A PRIVATE STREET—JUST COMPLETED.
STUDIO Living Room. 28′ x 16′—20′ ceiling. Dining Gallery—Study—2 Bed Rooms—2 Baths. Fireplace. Excellent North Light.
DUPLEX
H. Stanley Hillyer, Inc. ST 9-3223

PIRIE MACDONALD
Photographer-of-Men.
576 FIFTH AV· COR· 47TH ST
TELEPHONE BRYANT 9-1074
Have them made this week
—FOR CHRISTMAS

pads and pencils; there is even room for a thin bridge-table cover; $5.49.

MARCUS, 679 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Still holding out for the red, white, and blue theme. It pops up in smooth white single sheets with red-and-blue borders, to be folded twice for tiny envelopes; $9.50 for a hundred sheets, including monogram. Their most cherished air-mail paper comes in single or double sheets with a white-and-gray stripe and a red-and-blue script initial; the envelopes have "Air Mail" printed on them in blue, and there are red stripes to catch the nodding mailman's eye.

TIFFANY: For the first time they're offering special gift boxes. One, containing twenty-four small ivory sheets with bright-red borders, could make writing Christmas thank-you notes a pleasure; $1.25. Air-mail papers—single or folded sheets—in color combinations like gray with a green border and with a modernist slanting monogram would make any letter seem important. Loads of good, plain papers *without* borders, which is News this season.

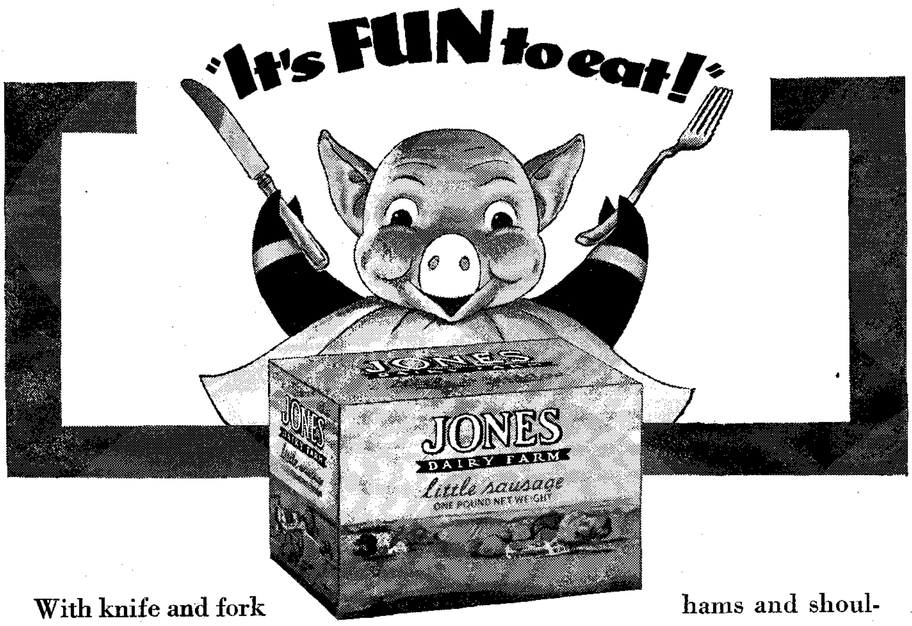
Handkerchiefs

IT must be obvious to the most sheltered of our readers that imports this year are a strange and heterogeneous lot, and handkerchiefs are no exception. Because of the increasing scarcity, there is more and more demand for exquisite bits of linen liberally bordered with real laces, and hand-spun linen affairs are already so rare as to be almost in the museum class, costing anywhere from around $3.50 to well over $100. There is a revival of the Victorian "dinner handkerchief," which is about fifteen inches square and has lace edges, set on with or without *entredeux*. Dainty, ladylike handkerchiefs are in the ascendant, with small, prim, white monograms to complement their snowy aspect. You can't go wrong on restraint this season, it appears.

This is not to say that the vast evening handkerchief of chiffon has disappeared; the vogue for evening headgear has, in fact, increased its popularity. A leading fabric for handbag handkerchiefs is piña, a gossamer cloth from the Philippines that is made of pineapple fibre and comes in a natural pale-beige color. That fine, sheer Egyptian cotton is still around, too, now woven in this country. Warning: The sheer linen-and-cotton fabric which used to be labelled French or Swiss linen is now more sternly called Union by order of some federal bureau or other.

Now for the details:

ALTMAN: Piña cloth, hand-embroidered in Far Eastern fashion, makes lovely bits of vanity at from $1.50 to $10. Also, little slipcovered piña-cloth scented bags that look like miniature boudoir pillows, to dress up handkerchief gifts; $1. Dabs of fine linen edged with real

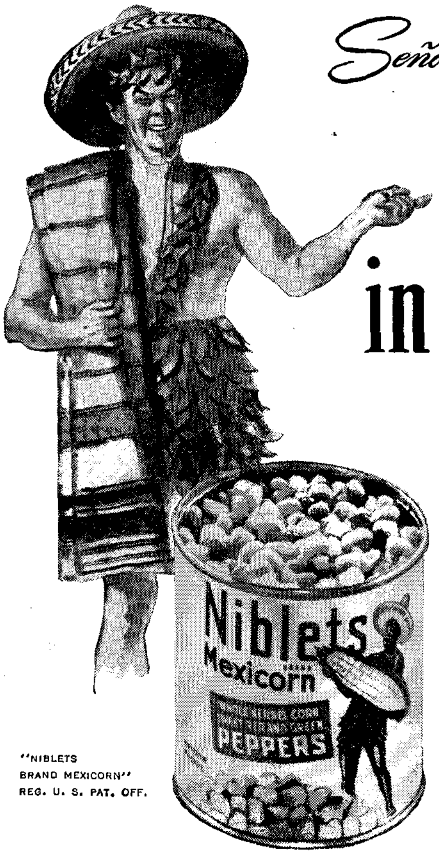


With knife and fork in hand... napkin under chin... do you like to withdraw into a rosy little world of your own and just go to town?

That's the way Jones Dairy Farm Sausage will affect you. There's no sausage quite like it. It's made from the choice, tender cuts of young Wisconsin porkers—including loins, hams and shoulders—and seasoned with a tantalizing blend of home-ground sage and natural spices.

So don't forget: For that *extra good* meal—breakfast, lunch or dinner—order Jones Sausage from your market man. And get the new series of Jones Sausage recipes—FREE—by writing

MARY P. JONES **JONES DAIRY FARM** FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN



Señora, try this on your hombre

New Idea in Canned Corn

"NIBLETS BRAND MEXICORN" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NIBLETS BRAND MEXICORN—the Niblets Brand whole kernel corn you love, now extra glamourized with delicate squares of sweet green and red peppers. As refreshing and colorful a dish as ever brightened a table. Señora, don't wait until mañana to try Niblets Brand Mexicorn on your hombre!

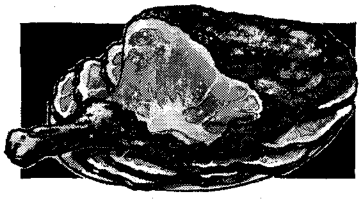
NIBLETS *BRAND* **MEXICORN**

That's from the master's private stock of SHARP cheese

● To please the lusty male palate Kraft makes Old English Brand . . . mellow-sharp, tantalizing! And *always* at the peak of its flavor perfection, because Old English is a Pasteurized Process Cheddar. (Smart girls keep Old English *on hand.*)

A Kraft Product
Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese
Kraft Cheese Company
Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

a plus for THANKSGIVING



JORDAN'S *Genuine* VIRGINIA HAM!

For Thanksgiving dinner, serve a Jordan's Virginia Ham with His Excellency, the Turkey! Their flavors blend to please an epicure! Every Jordan Ham is selected from hogs raised in the peanut belt of Virginia and adjoining southern states. They are aged and slowly smoked over hickory fires, then oven-baked with wine.

DIRECT TO YOUR TABLE FROM JORDAN'S FAMOUS OLD VIRGINIA SMOKEHOUSE

●

Average Weight 6½ to 11 pounds — Price 90¢ a pound

●

FREE If you enclose check with order we will send with each ham a FREE sample of genuine Jordan's Virginia Bacon.

CARVE ON THE DOTTED LINE

Jordan's Old Virginia Smokehouse
P. O. Box 324, Richmond, Va.

Please send me prepaid Jordan's Virginia Ham.

Size about______lbs.

Enclosed check for $______. Send C. O. D. ☐

Name ______

*Address*______ *State*______

Transportation charges prepaid east of Rocky Mountains.
For shipments west of Rockies add 5c per pound.

Belgian laces start at $3.50 and go up to $100 for a nostalgic homespun gem.

Bendel: Large organdie bluebell sprays make splashing designs on the corners of chiffon evening handkerchiefs; $3.50. *Grand luxe* in the form of chiffon squares bordered with ermine; $18. Narrow real Val or Binche lace surrounding hemstitched linen squares; $6. Two designs—one a bright sprig of holly, the other a pine cone tied with a scarlet ribbon—have red, hand-rolled edges and are Christmasy enough for any young thing; $1 each.

Bergdorf Goodman: Portuguese embroidery (more sophisticated than it used to be) makes giant, corner-filling initials with flowery frames; $1.50. One of the best of the dinner handkerchiefs has wide *entredeux* between the linen and the ruffled imitation-lace edge; $6 and so fine you'd want to keep it under glass. Tape- or cord-bordered handkerchiefs with flower-framed initials in dainty shades, like mauve and pale rose; $1 for all this charm.

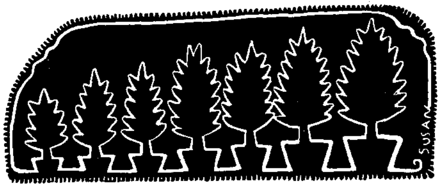
Best: Plaid cambric English handkerchiefs in tartans for the tweed-wearing country woman; three for $1. Those popular, frothy white Victorian things cost as little as fifty cents here. For kids: bright affairs covered with, say, goofy pandas.

Bonwit Teller: Real Val on a ladylike hemstitched square at $1, which seems a rock-bottom price for this sort of frippery. Prints include all-over zebra or leopard markings on linen handkerchiefs which are meant to accompany fur coats; sixty-five cents. Thirty-six-inch chiffon squares in brilliant three-color combinations; $2.50. Lush extravagance in champagne-colored chiffon with a wide cotton Chantilly-lace edge; $10.

M. Collart, 581 Madison Avenue (56th): Her sheer-linen standbys year after year are three: with a classic cord border and hand-rolled hem ($14.95 a dozen), with a Val border and hemstitching ($3.75 each), and with ruffled net footing ($2.45). Charming small monograms to suit these scraps of finery are $7.20 a dozen.

Grande Maison de Blanc, 746 Fifth Avenue (58th): Notable real-lace handkerchiefs (from $15 up); also, sheer nonsense in twenty-seven-inch chiffon squares of the conversation type ($4). *Petit-four* colors (in the palest pastels, but fast ones, which is important in such shades) have delicately embroidered initials framed in arabesque tracery; $12 a dozen.

Jay-Thorpe: They've borrowed the best masculine handkerchief tricks to give women smashing big affairs with hand-rolled hems and tape or cord borders; $2.25 to $3.75 apiece, with three initials. A good gray is hard to find, but they have it here; embroidery on white linen that has appliquéd flowers with fluttering petals—smart as black but not



WHAT'S MISSING FROM YOUR MEALS?

Food seem flat? Appetite sluggish? Call for A·1, the savory, thick sauce that puts taste appeal in every meal.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

A·1 SAUCE
The DASH that makes the DISH

WIDMER'S
BE SUPERCRITICAL
if you like

The more critical you are about wines, the more eager we are to have you try Widmer's. For in Widmer's you will find those characteristics which critics appreciate . . characteristics which result only from a perfect alliance of human skill with ideal soil and climate and expertly nurtured vine varieties.

NEW YORK STATE
Widmer's
WINES & VERMOUTHS
FROM THE NAPLES VALLEY • LAKE CANANDAIGUA DISTRICT
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC. • NAPLES N. Y.

so dour; $1. A pale-yellow buttercup with yellow-green leaves is appliquéd on a scalloped handkerchief, which makes another good dollar offering.

Lord & Taylor: That piña cloth appears in handkerchiefs with *fil-coupé* patterns that are extra good with tailored suits; $1. For gaga evening glitter, a lace-edged black chiffon is touched with sequins or bits of mirrored glass; $1.95. Nice nonsense: a triangular sachet shaped like a cherry tart, with a cherry appliquéd to match the design on the handkerchief inside; $1.50.

Macy: Monkeyshines: gay prints of redcaps, locomotives, airplanes, covered wagons—practically anything that moves or helps you to (fifty-four cents), and kids' handkerchiefs whose edges show groups of small fry puzzling over youthful problems (three for ninety-four cents). Real Binche remains a safe-and-sane single-handkerchief gift; $1.83 to $7.94. Dinner handkerchiefs of sheer white linen have lace edges; lots of useful elegance for $1.41.

McCutcheon: White handkerchiefs from Madeira that have inch-wide hems with tiny, tiny flowers scattered all over them in fine embroidery are a new notion; fifty cents. English florals, with daisies and other hedgerow favorites; twenty-five cents. For tots: the Three Blind Mice or circus clowns scampering about handkerchiefs; twenty-five cents.

Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd): All kinds of Swiss embroideries, with gay little flowers and petit-point nosegays in perfect taste, but what Mosse loves best are the sheerest of white French linens (pre-Vichy) for both men and women; from $15 a dozen, with cord or tape borders. Men's handkerchiefs of fine Irish linen with inch-and-a-half hemstitched borders; $18 a dozen, and they cry out for small block-letter monograms, which are $6 a dozen.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Real-lace borders on hand-spun Belgian linen make incredibly beautiful affairs; $3 to way up. Headdress handkerchief to brighten a youngster's evening out: black chiffon with a wide edge of pink-and-black Chantilly; $7.50. Those sheer Egyptian cottons, made up with wide hems and mitred corners, are so sheer they want only the simplest of monogramming; for both men and women, and from $2 each.

Wanamaker: "Cocktail handkerchiefs" (their name, not ours) are twenty-inch squares of chiffon in dark red or navy blue with hand-rolled edges; they are printed with scattered small flowers. Good-looking and, what's more, they wash, which is nice to know about any chiffon· ninety-five cents each. Linen prints of ripe fruits and their blossoms are standouts, especially the purple-plum ones; half a dollar each. A giddy bowknot design repeated again and again on linen should appeal to any perky young miss home for the holidays; twenty-five cents.

•

Hail the Grape—This week is set
ǝɥʇ ƃuıs oʇ ʎɹʇsnpuı ǝuıʍ ǝɥʇ ʎq ǝpıs
praise of the grape.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Why don't you just lie down for a little while?

That cheery note

It's music to a man's ear and a promise to his palate . . . to hear Teacher's offered by the host.

"It's the flavour"

86
PROOF
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons
Glasgow
Scotland

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow • Sole U.S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York City • Importers since 1794

Completely correct—
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
Discerning men prefer them.
Smart women demand them!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PM
Philip Morris
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
INC

IVORY TIPS — PLAIN ENDS — BEAUTY TIPS (red).

THE RACE TRACK

Changes of Scene

THERE is no more depressing way of ending a season than in a cold rain. At best, you can squeeze the dampness out of your winning mutuel tickets. At worst, it's something like the close of Empire City last weekend, when the tickets were wet but few were winning. What got everybody down more than anything else was that racing was over hereabouts until next spring. There seems to be a possibility of something being done about this annual hiatus before long, though, and why not? After all, the local season used to run until November 15th, and I don't suppose horseplayers are less hardy now than they were forty years ago.

It's a long time since one of Jock Whitney's horses won as big a purse as his Gramps did in the Westchester Handicap at Empire on Saturday. The animal earned $19,650. Also, he paid a $56 mutuel. In case you haven't looked him up in the past performances, Gramps, whom Whitney named after a character in a show he backed, is no great shakes. However, the muddy track and the light weight he carried helped him a lot, and the bumping that Boysy gave Our Boots and Omission didn't do his chances any harm. Sorry if I misled you about Fenelon, but how was I to know that there was going to be so much rain and mud?

PERHAPS you ought to hear the story of the Westchester Handicap and the Pimlico Special to get an idea of the merry rivalry that goes on between race tracks. Very well, then. There was quite a commotion when, in 1939, Alfred Vanderbilt, the power at Pimlico, bagged Challedon and Kayak II for the Special, leaving the Washington Handicap at Laurel, which was to be run at about the same time, without an important horse. So last year the late James Butler, who was head of Laurel as well as of Empire, retaliated by putting on the Westchester Handicap at Empire with a purse of $25,000—$15,000 more than the Special is worth. As you may remember, the Special was the dullest race you ever saw for $10,000, or $1,000, for that matter. Recently, when top horses became scarce, there was some talk of rescheduling the three events to get them farther apart, but Laurel stuck to its tradition of running the Washington Handicap on its final Saturday a fortnight ago and Pimlico insisted on having the Special on its opening day last week. The result was that Empire had to choose between having the Westchester Handicap conflict with one or the other and chose Pimlico.

It is only fair to say that the Pimlico Special turned out to be a better race than anyone expected. Nobody dreamed that Market Wise would have such a hard time catching Haltal. Eads, who rode him, said that his saddle slipped. My guess is that the Halloween spirit got into both horses.

I'm sorry I wasn't around at Pimlico last week when Exterminator led the parade to the post for the stakes race named in his honor. However, a reliable observer reports that he carries his twenty-six years lightly. His coat is good, his back hasn't sagged much, and he steps along as briskly as he did almost twenty years ago. Gentlemen, there was a horse! In the eight years he was on the tracks, he started a hundred times and won fifty races in all kinds of going, always under high weight, at distances of from six furlongs to two miles and a quarter. Perhaps I'm getting to be an old softie, but just try to match his record with that of any Johnny-come-lately Horse of the Year.

AMONG the unpredictable performances of last week was Contradiction's in the Pimlico Futurity. He gave Devil Diver three pounds and beat him by six lengths. Last time they met, in The Futurity at Belmont Park, Devil Diver gave Contradiction four pounds and beat him about as easily. Maybe Contradiction liked the sloppy going the other day. I wouldn't know. You may be able to figure it out on your abacus.

FOOTNOTE on the progress of improving the turnover in the pari-mutuel: $133,256,550 was bet at the New York tracks this season.

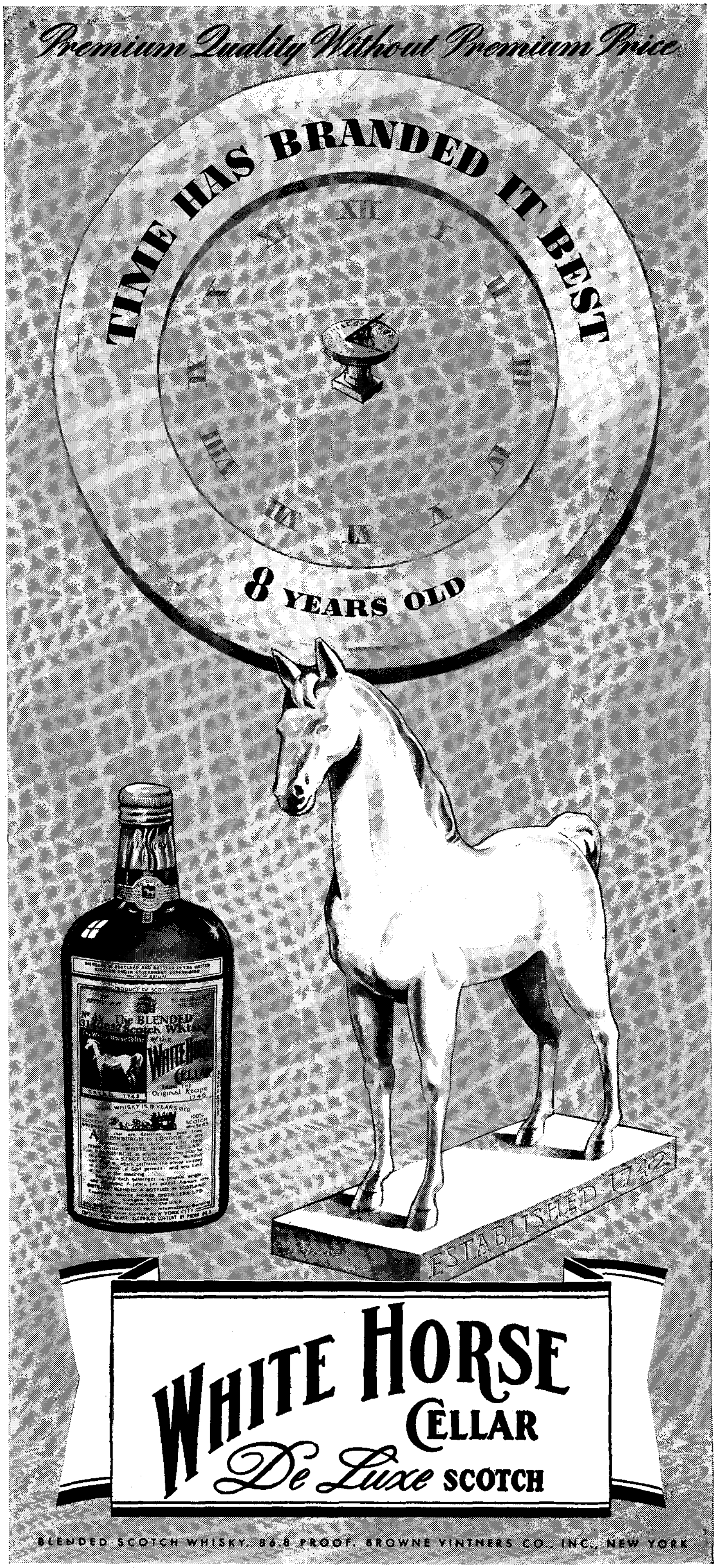
—AUDAX MINOR

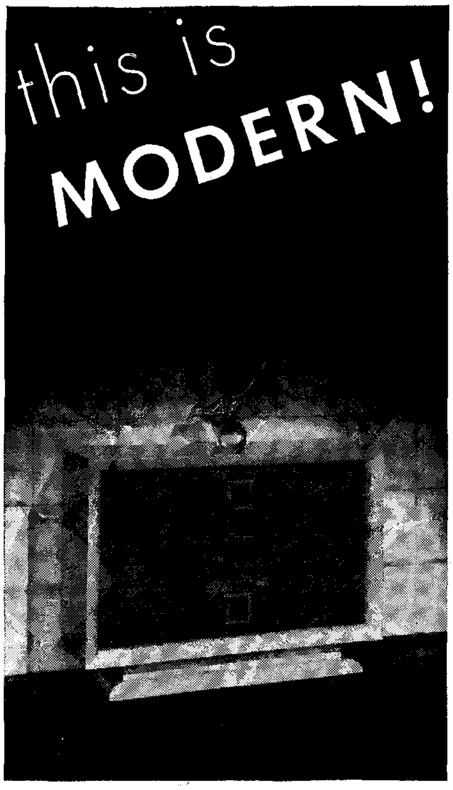
•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(HOME AND HEARTH DIVISION)

[*From Screenland*]

Richard Carlson believes in celebrating. It was their second wedding anniversary. The Carlsons couldn't step out because Mrs. C was expecting her baby momentarily. Dick ordered an extra-special dinner. He put on white tie, top hat, and tails. They spent a wonderful evening playing gin rummy.


Premium Quality Without Premium Price
TIME HAS BRANDED IT BEST
8 YEARS OLD
ESTABLISHED 1742
WHITE HORSE
CELLAR
De Luxe SCOTCH
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK



Modernage
162 East 33rd St.

OPEN MON. & THURS. EVES. till 9

Hildegarde

AFTER THE THEATRE in the
Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

BOB GRANT
and his Orchestra

HAROLD COOKE
and his
Rhythmic
Savoyards

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

DANCING Daily
and Sunday and
After the Theatre
SNACK BAR
Luncheon & Dinner
Daily and Sunday

Continuous
Dancing and
Entertainment
10:15 P.M.
to
3:45 A.M.

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STREETS

THE ART GALLERIES

Very French

THE Fauvist movement in modern French painting started around 1903 and ended in 1908, when the group which had begun it—Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Dufy, Camoin, and the rest—more or less officially disbanded. This alone is enough to distinguish it from most other art movements, which have a way of dragging on long after all their initial impetus has been dissipated. Like Dadaism, which in many respects it resembles, it was primarily a movement of protest, in this case against the growing academization of Impressionism. It was purely an expression of revolt, and beyond that it had no particular philosophy; what the Fauvists were trying to do was to discredit the formalized side of Impressionist theory, and when that school began to wane the main reason for the controversy disappeared too.

In a way, it was not the Fauvists but Cézanne who put an end to the struggle. As his attack on Impressionism was the more direct, so it was the more deadly. (He wanted, you'll remember, to make something "permanent" out of Impressionism—"something," as he said, "that was worth being put in a museum"—and though this remark is usually interpreted as an expression of naïveté, what he really intended was the complete destruction of the theory of casual, "impressionistic" representation on which the school was based.) Cézanne had a firm, strongly formulated philosophy of his own to offer besides, and all in all it is hardly surprising that soon after his emergence a good many former Fauvists had joined forces with him and the little group had dispersed. Fauvism had come and had gone, and except for a few scattered threads of influence extending here and there in unlikely places—into German Expressionism, for example—it left no trace behind.

All this is by way of introduction to what is surely the brightest and liveliest show we've had in this up to now rather spotty season—the exhibition of Fauvist paintings at the Marie Harriman. Thirty-one canvases are there, enough to fill the gallery, and the first impression you're likely to get as you enter the place is of almost riotously colorful exuberance. All the men who formed the group were young at the time—Matisse, the leader, was only in his thirties, and the others were considerably younger; Braque, for instance, was twenty-one—and the least that can be said for them is that they indulged in no halfway measures in their onslaughts on the school they despised. Like the Dadaists again, one of their principal weapons was ridicule. If the latter-day Impressionists made much of their stippled prismatic color or pointed out that shadows were really purple, Braque would do you a painting ("Le Port") in which the flakes of color look as if they were laid on with a trowel, or Derain a London subject (his "La Cathédrale Saint-Paul et la Tamise") in which the shadows are so violently purple that they look like contusions.

This made for fun and merriment, of course, except possibly among the embattled Impressionists. The surprising thing is that it resulted in some good painting, too. Color is the keynote of everything the Fauvists did, in their attacks on their adversaries and their own searchings for expression, and despite the extravagances they sometimes fell into—red sailboats, blue landscapes, pink trees, and so on—there are times when their painting displays considerable power. Matisse, perhaps the most talented of the group, shows best in this collection, and his two big still-lifes, "Nature Morte au Geranium" and "Nature Morte aux Aubergines," give more than a hint of the rhythmic design he was to evolve afterward. There's a red, rippling "Paysage de Montagne" by Emile Friesz that I liked too, as well as a curiously nervous Braque landscape called "La Rivière," full of bright reds and greens and curly shapes and quite unlike his soberer, solider style of later years. But the purpose of the exhibition, I think, was neither to chart a historical progression nor to trace individual developments. Though it does do a little of both, its main value is to show the amount of pure hell a group of talented youngsters could raise when they set out to bait the established authorities. In this, it succeeds admirably.

BIGNOU has a group of modern French paintings on view, and while the collection as a whole is confusingly helter-skelter in plan—its range of dates runs from the start of the century to the present, and it includes at least one example of practically every style of painting practised in France in that period—there are enough good pieces in the lot to make it worth seeing. The earliest thing there is a night scene by Pierre Bonnard, called "Le Moulin Rouge" and dated 1895; full of deep, oddly luminous blacks and a kind of sombre nocturnal animation, it is also one of the loveliest. There's a nice André Bauchant, too, "Fleurs des Champs," very pale and delicate, and a big, sturdy Léger called "Nature Morte en Rouge et Vert," but I think the thing about the show that will interest you most is the chance it affords to follow up some of our young friends the Fauves in the various stages of their later development—Matisse, with his sketchy blue landscape "Collioure," done in 1911 but still clearly within the Fauvist framework; Derain's "Jeune Homme au Chapeau" of 1923, in which he verges toward a Dutch influence; and Braque's massive "Nu" of two years later, which shows him midway between Cubism and classicism.

AT the Associated American Artists', they're showing oils and gouaches by Aaron Bohrod. Most of the pieces, of course, are Chicago scenes, but a few country subjects creep in, and it is interesting to note how much less success he has with them. Mr. Bohrod, it would appear, has no taste for the rural. It is as if he needed the angularity and constant contrasts of the city to sharpen his eye, and when he is faced with a peaceful rustic vista, his greens turn metallic, his skies hard and shallow, and his whole attack seems insecure. Let even a few suburban houses enter the scene, however, as in his "Pennsylvania Highway, Evergreen Street, Chicago," and at once the design becomes clearer and more authoritative. When he gets to the centre of town (see his "Neon Nocturne," "Fish Market," and the really superb "Railway Viaduct"), he can give you about as warm, vivid, and accurate a picture of city life as anyone can today. He has not quite attained the Olympian mixture of irony and mellowness that was John Sloan's—his approach seems a little too brittle for that as yet—but I think it will come to him in time.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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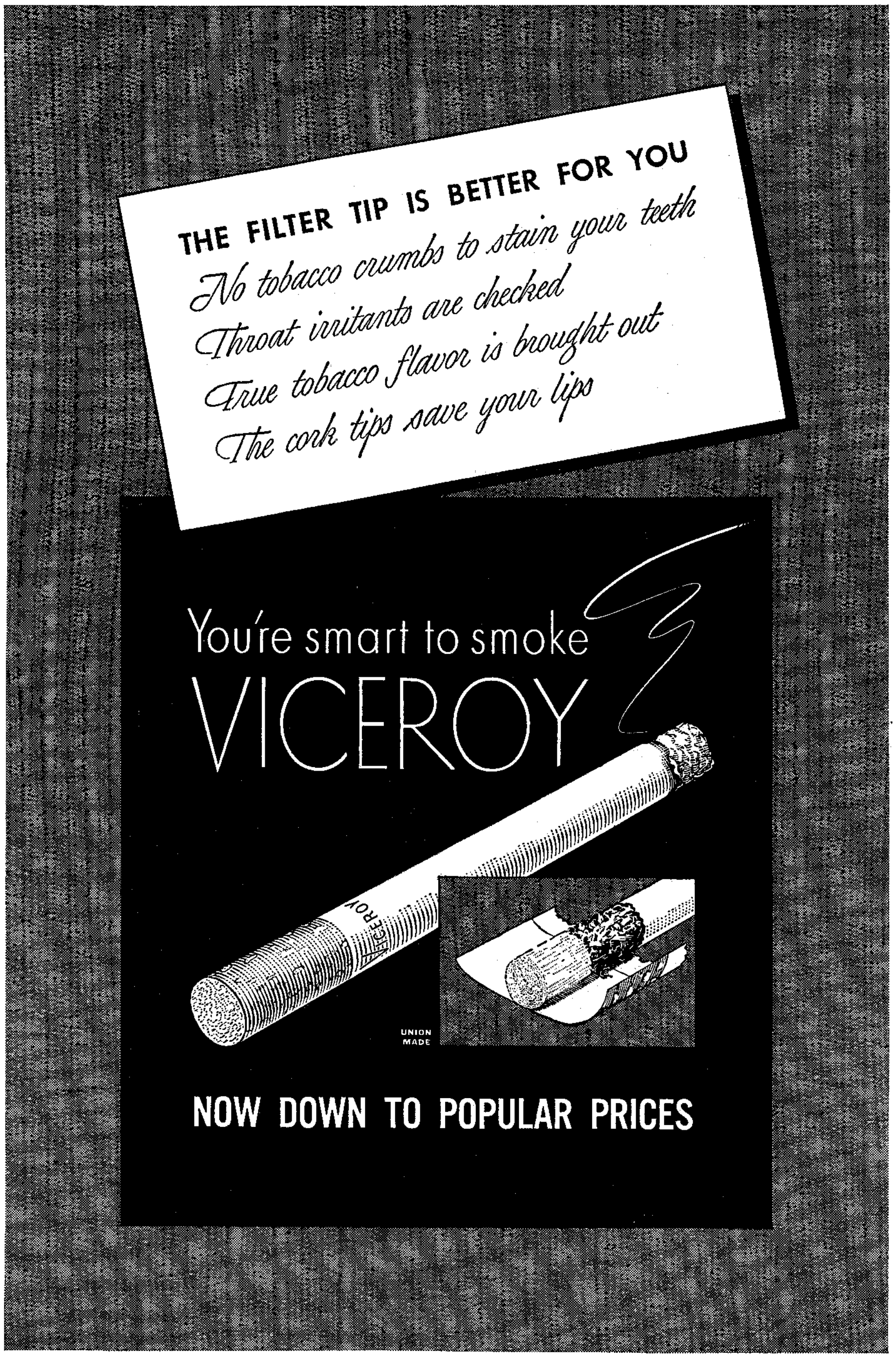
IN BRIEF

WITH THANKS TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHO, AFTER ALL, DID THE GROUNDWORK

Ariel and Caliban
Are Man.

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL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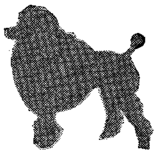
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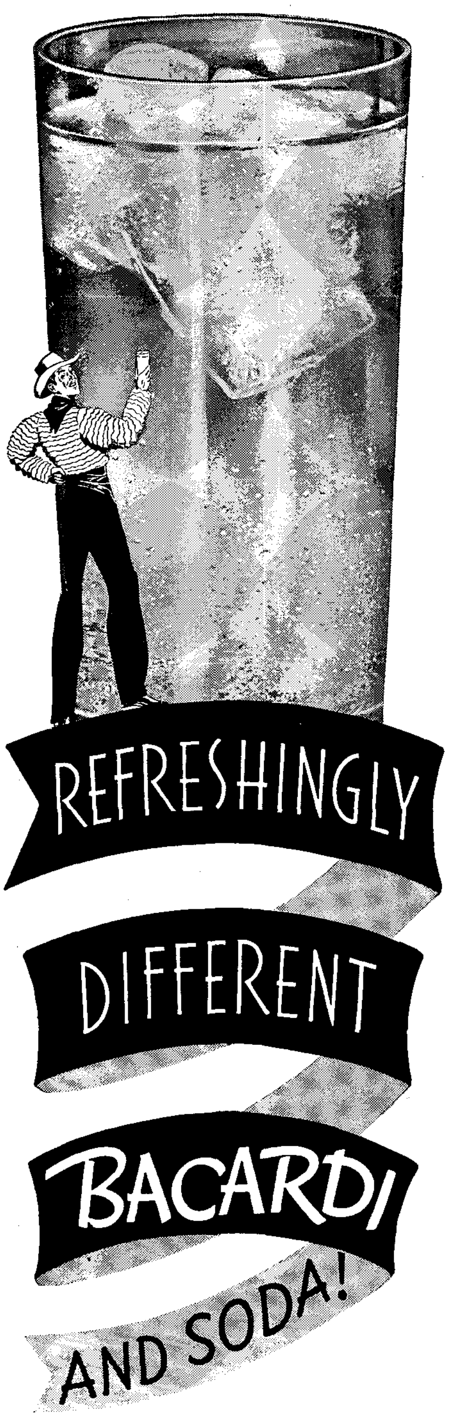

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OBJECT LESSON

THREE weeks before, the baby had arrived. Patricia had been dreading it for so long that after the ordeal was over life seemed wonderful, all lighted up. She actually had to pretend to be annoyed with the innumerable details which invariably go wrong during exciting periods, like the maid neglecting things at home, Harry forgetting to notify important people, and the announcements her mother ordered turning out too icky for words. Now, today, home with a dear little nurse for the baby, so Patricia only had the good of him—what fun! What joy! As she said to Harry, "It sounds silly, but if only everyone would see how *remarkable* just living is, they wouldn't fight and kill and—oh, the war!" she added, making herself frown.

"Don't think of it, Patsy," Harry said, smoothing her cheek with the back of his hand. "Don't think of anything lousy now."

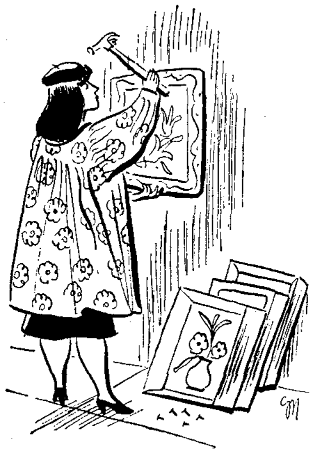
As if she could! Dressed up in a new *broderie-anglaise* negligee which she had bought thinking she would never again be thin enough to wear it, Patricia bent over the lacy bassinet, peering at her little son.

Her mother, Mrs. Talcott, bending from the other side, said, "This is the first good look I've had at him. In that hospital they just waved him at you through the glass as though he were some kind of flag."

"I know," Patricia said. "Everyone complained. Harry keeps sneaking into the baby's room to get his full of him and I don't feel as though I knew his face yet." She bent lower. "Oh look, Mother. He's smiling in his sleep!"

"Gas," responded Mrs. Talcott complacently. "Everyone thinks it's a smile."

"This one is. But look"—she grabbed her mother's arm—"he's got *dimples!* Mother, he's got my dimples!" It seemed such a special gift, such a



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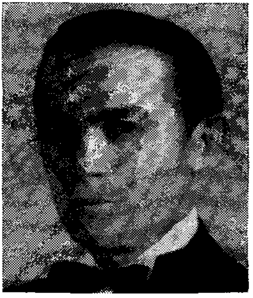

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premium, that Patricia couldn't stand still. She went to the mirror and smiled at herself. There were her two dimples. She smiled again, nodding at her image. Her rosy mouth opened slightly in awe and she noted contentedly how lovely she looked. "I wonder," said Patricia, not really caring, "whom I got mine from."

"Now, Pat," said Mrs. Talcott, coming behind her daughter, "you've been up too long. You ought to lie down and rest. What did you say, dear?"

"I said I wondered whom I got mine from. My dimples, I mean."

"Why, from me," said Mrs. Talcott casually.

Patricia jerked her head up and stared at her mother's face. She saw that the two things she had thought of, without really thinking of them, as lines had been dimples. She noticed the mouth that had tightened and narrowed, the lower jaw that had drawn back. She saw for once, vividly, the meagreness of the whole face. "Oh, Mother!" she cried, and burst into tears.

For a minute Mrs. Talcott didn't understand. "Moods," she thought as she slipped her arm around her daughter's shoulder. "She's not strong yet and she overdoes." But then she knew. "There, there, my darling," she whispered, and her arm tightened. "It's not so bad. It's not so bad, my darling."

—MERRIAM MODELL

•

The houses they dwelt in were common to all, and so spacious that they contained one hundred and sixty persons, strongly built, though covered with leaves and shaped like a bell.—*"Principles of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer.*

All of them?

•

Miss Lotus Ahn, "gossip singer," who will sing an ancient Chinese "gossip" song called The Drunk Helped Home at a United China Relief benefit at the Gourielli Apothecary, E. 55th St. Wednesday night.—*Picture caption in the World-Telegram.*

It's a song we'd like to hear.

•

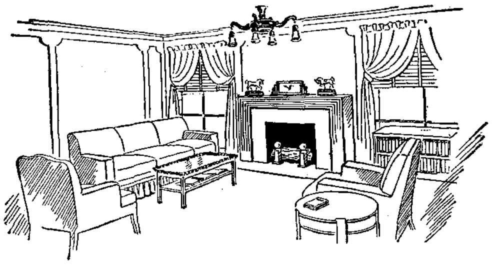
HARRY D. HYMAN'S BUSY DAY

[*From the Hartford Courant*]

The following marriage license applications were received Friday at the Bureau of Vital Statistics:

Harry D. Hyman, psychiatric aide, 400 Washington Street, and Leila McGlinn Ross, psychiatric aide, 160 Retreat Avenue.

Harry D. Hyman, psychiatric aide, Lincoln Street, and Lucille E. Lessard, assembler, 481 Hudson Street.



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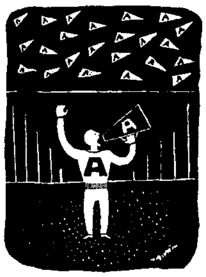
FOOTBALL

Old General Mud

JUST why the weather man thought it necessary to schedule an all-day cloudburst on one of the most important Saturdays of the football season and follow it with an exasperatingly lovely Sunday is not altogether clear. The answer is tradition, I guess. Football in the rain is better than it used to be, but usually it is a long way from perfect, and last weekend a lot of it wasn't even good. Nowadays many of the playing fields have fairly effective drainage systems and much firmer turf, and nowadays, too, every good referee calls for a dry ball the moment the one in play shows signs of becoming slippery or soggy on a rainy day, especially when it seems likely that the next play will be a punt.



Tack Hardwick, who went down to Palmer Stadium to watch Princeton and Harvard go through the motions of playing their annual match, remarked that it was just like Old Home Week to him, since the one time he played against Princeton, Harvard also just managed to squeak through in the mud. That was back in 1913, when Charlie Brickley's field goal beat Hobey Baker's celebrated Princeton team. The field that afternoon was three inches deep in rainwater.

LAST Saturday you had your choice of *two* best games—Army against Notre Dame at the Yankee Stadium, and Navy against Pennsylvania at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia. Under the circumstances, Franklin Field, with its excellent stands and its solid carpet of grass, seemed the obvious choice over Yankee Stadium, which, with a baseball diamond taking up a large part of the field, is hardly a good place to play football, or to watch it, either.

The scoreless tie with Harvard the week before must have had an invigorating effect on Navy. Against Penn, the team didn't dawdle around waiting for a break; it was out to win in a hurry and it did. In fact, Navy was in so much of a hurry it didn't bother much about being deceptive; using the elementary system of having one back to run with the ball and three backs to block for him, it had a touchdown in the twelfth minute of the first quarter. Theoretically, there are definite faults in the method of having one man carry the ball time and again, but when you have men who run the way Busik, Clark, and Werner (playing in rotation in the Navy backfield) were running against Penn and men who block the way Chip, Harrell, Boothe, and Woods were blocking, you can afford to disregard theory. Navy did well with this system until late in the afternoon, when Wes Gebert, fourth-string running back, entered the Navy backfield. Perhaps Coach Larson had not intended using Gebert at all; at any rate, Gebert was wearing not the dull-blue pants the rest of the team had on but his bright-yellow fair-weather ones. In this outfit, he looked about as inconspicuous as Ethel Merman in sequins doing a number with a line of chorus girls in overalls, and Penn had no trouble spotting him and laying him by the heels on practically every play.

The handsomest performance of the game was put on by Werner, possibly because he was celebrating his twenty-second birthday. Werner didn't always follow his blocking backs; more often than not he waited until they had decoyed the Penn defense to one side and then went his own sweet way through the middle of the Penn line. He moves so easily and seemingly so slowly that he apparently has no drive at all, but he picked up five or six yards every time before he was tackled and then floated a couple more yards through the air before he hit the ground.

The Penn line had a hard afternoon anyway, quite aside from trying to stop Werner, and Stiff, at fullback, had to do a great deal of the tackling, especially after Bitler, the centre, turned his ankle. Penn's blocking, moreover, was rather casual at times. But don't think Penn didn't die with its boots on. Penn got a touchdown in the second half, so Navy won by only seven points, after all. Joe Kane scored on a long run—the first touchdown anyone has made against Navy this year—and he was so dazzled with the wonder of it all that he very nearly forgot to go through the formality of touching the ball down on the turf behind the Navy goal.—J. W. L.

•

Ever since the Trojan war horse exploded Roman soldiers on a sleepy Greek stronghold to provide a highlight in ancient history, the Spartans have been getting upset. —*San Diego Evening Tribune.*

Now you've got *us* upset.

OF ALL THINGS

THE New York campaign closed amid cries of "Liar!," "Cad!," "Popinjay!," and "Cabbage Head!" The world collapsed a little, but it is expected to recover.

•

Senator Connally urges us to avenge the sinking of the Reuben James, but Senator Pepper asks us not to get hysterical. It seems to be a question of keeping cool with Pepper.

•

The historic debate upon the repeal or modification of the Neutrality Act has proved to be a rather listless affair. Fully half of the senators are doing their daily dozing in their own rooms.

•

John Cudahy sticks to his story that Hitler is suffering from some malignant disease. There is an interesting possibility that the Führer has bitten himself.

•

Mussolini observed the twentieth anniversary of Fascism by threatening to annihilate the United States. Sometimes the Duce is almost as terrifying as a Halloween pumpkin.

•

As Premier Tojo keeps telling his people, Japan is at the crossroads. Unfortunately for Nippon, there is no filling station at this intersection.

•

Englishmen are again warned not to assume that all danger of invasion is past. There is positively no truth in the rumor that Hitler wouldn't live in London if you gave him the place.

•

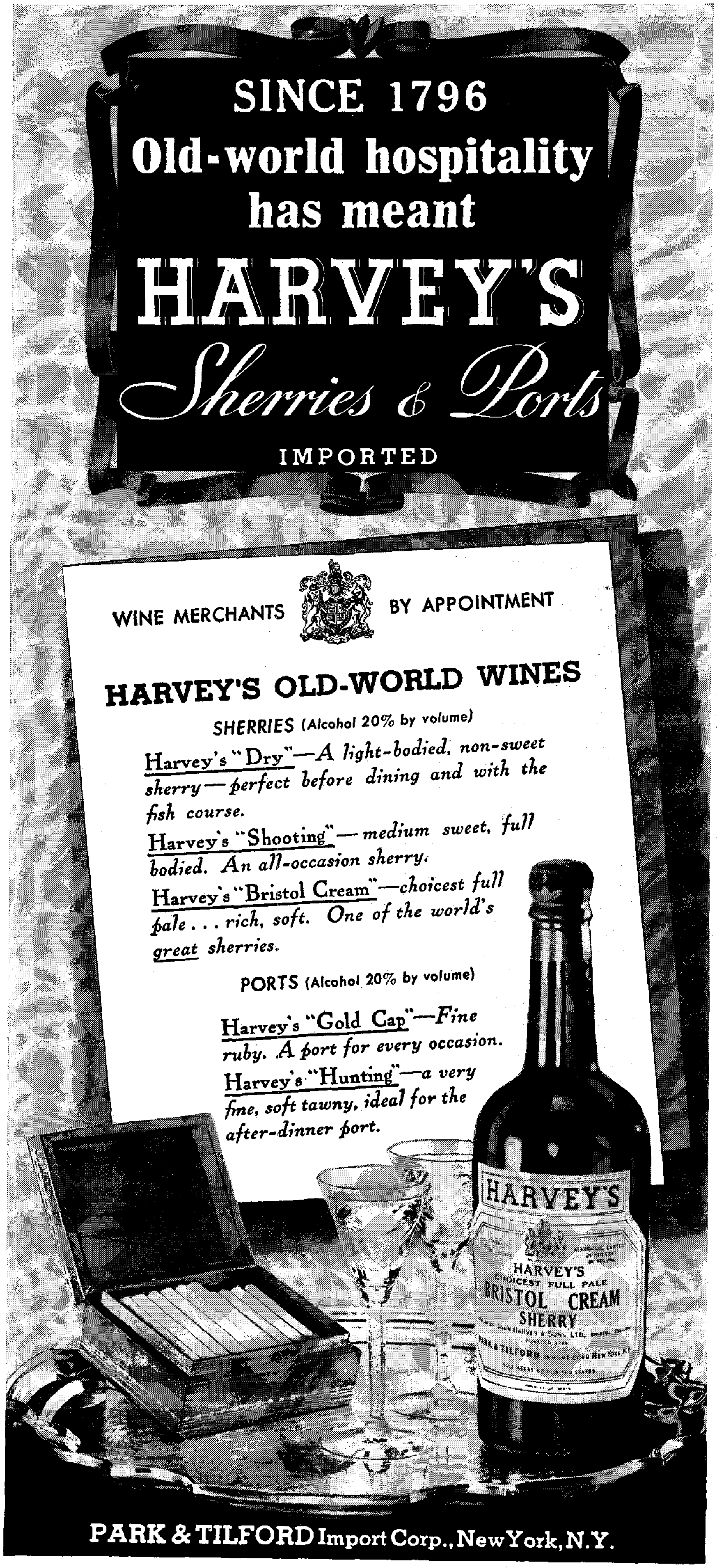
A controversy has been raging in the papers as to who invented the hole in the doughnut. A captious person might say that this is much ado about nothing.

•

The so-called "Big Three" tobacco companies have been convicted of price-fixing. The government persuaded the jury that any similarity in the prices of cigarettes is not purely coincidental.

•

The government has issued a booklet accounting for a defense fund of $56,000,000,000. At least nobody can say we are trying to get into the war on a free ticket. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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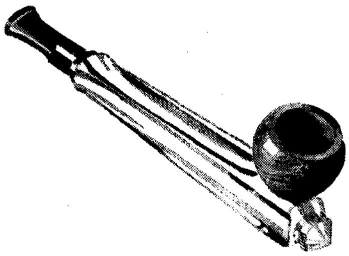

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Instrumental Programs

THE latest innovation in concert procedure is the three-minute intermission for wriggling, introduced at this season's first Philharmonic-Symphony event for young people. The interval wasn't really necessary this time, because the conductor, Rudolph Ganz, had a well-paced, intelligible musical layout for his clientele, and he supplemented it with flocks of amusing lantern slides and no flocks of talk. Perhaps, though, the wriggling intermission could be put into effect at those solemn sessions in which long, long symphonies are played without any pauses between movements except for the usual hiatuses for coughing by the audience and brow-mopping by the director.

Concerning the behavior of Mr. Ganz's gathering, I have a special report written by the nine-year-old observer who took me to this concert. She enjoyed the whole affair, although she didn't think much of the vocal efforts of grownups who got into the audience sing that is part of these meetings. I quote that portion of her screed which refers to the conclusion of the concert:

> You should have seen the programs flouting down from the balconies every year since two years ago mr. Ganz told the children not to do it but they have been doing it just the same. I guess he will say it again and show the picture too. I will tell you what the picture is like well it shows the balconies and orcastra seats and lots of papers flouting down and with the picture he always says "the poor ushers always have to stoop down and pick them up so please don't do it" and he says it in such a cute way that the children always obay him.

Mr. Ganz's soloist was the youngest of the many pianists who have been active about town lately—Miss Sondra Bianca, an engaging performer who took on the first movement of Mozart's D-minor concerto with confidence and agility.

THE most spectacular pianism of the season so far was that of Robert Casadesus, who played Ravel's concerto for the left hand with the Philharmonic-Symphony under the direction of John Barbirolli. Mr. Casadesus turned out the difficult work like a magician, and while he was taking care of the con-

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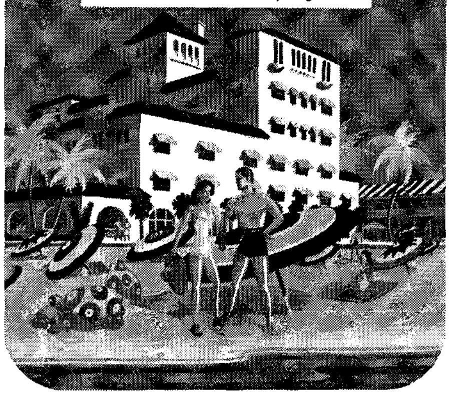

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certo with his left hand he probably could have done card tricks with his right. It wasn't just a stunt, however; it was fine, musicianly playing. Mr. Casadesus was equally impressive in the Mozart B-flat-major concerto (for two hands). Mr. Barbirolli's collaboration was excellent, especially in the Ravel concerto, in which he caught the odd jazz coloring handsomely. He also supplied a neat, well-modelled presentation of an early Mozart symphony in G minor, and pleased the subscribers with Ravel's "La Valse." He didn't do an extra-imaginative job on "La Valse," but there was plenty of good orchestral sound.

LAST week, I hinted I would try to catch up with the recitalists, which is practically an impossibility for one reporter. Here, however, are two names for the future book on pianists: Bernhard Weiser and William Kapell, the latter a Naumburg Award winner. Both young men gave exceptional concerts. You might also note Miss Hilde Somer, who played a little earlier in the season, and whose unusual gifts are developing soundly. It's hardly necessary, of course, to reaffirm the mastery of Sergei Rachmaninoff, who drew them in droves to his Carnegie Hall piano recital.

Not all of the recitals are pianists; in the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, there has been a series of harpsichord concerts by Ralph Kirkpatrick, a delightful musician whose performances of unfamiliar old compositions are revivals and never exhumations.

THE sixth season by the New Friends of Music is under way Sunday afternoons at 5:30 in Town Hall. The composers represented in the present programs are Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Dvořák. By this time, the New Friends are almost an Old Story for those who enjoy chamber music, a story that is one of the most stimulating in the chronicles of New York concert life.

THE current emphasis on Dvořák's music is understandable, this year being the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and if you'd care to read about some of the Dvořák compositions that are being heard hereabouts, you'll find Paul Stefan's recently published "The Life and Work of Anton Dvořák" a helpful guide. It's a good short biography, too, factual and unsensational except for a reference to "Berlioz' 'Carmen.' "

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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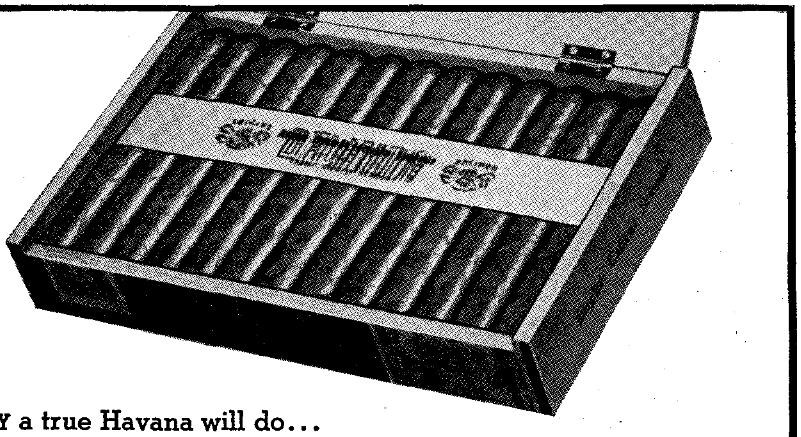

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BOOKS

Odd Lot

"IN one sense, any deliberate compilation of reading matter is a dubious project for anyone in his right mind to undertake." Thus the cautious E. B. White in the preface to "A Subtreasury of American Humor," edited by himself and Katharine S. White, otherwise known as his wife. I can testify with some feeling to the truth of this remark. How much truer it is when the compilation professes to be humorous. An anthologist of miscellaneous pieces can, if he is sufficiently overbearing, cram his choices down the throats of any reasonably good-natured public. But an anthologist of funny pieces is on every page issuing a direct challenge to what each reader treasures more fiercely, more grimly than he does his spouse or child: his own special, unique, inviolable sense of humor. Every anthologist of laughter is in this sense a reckless hero.

If the Whites' "Subtreasury," then, appears to me to be hugely successful, that is merely because I am accidentally so constructed that at the moment I find myself laughing at a good many things which also amuse the Whites. This does not at all mean that the "Subtreasury" contains the "best" humor or is a classic anthology, or even that it will divert you or me or the Whites themselves twenty years from now. True humor, I suppose, does not date, but the difficulty is that one doesn't know what true humor is until many years after it was written. Gilbert À Beckett's "The Comic History of England" set our grandfathers roaring; today it is unreadable. Bardell vs. Pickwick is, on the other hand, still funny, but probably in its day it seemed no funnier than À Beckett did.

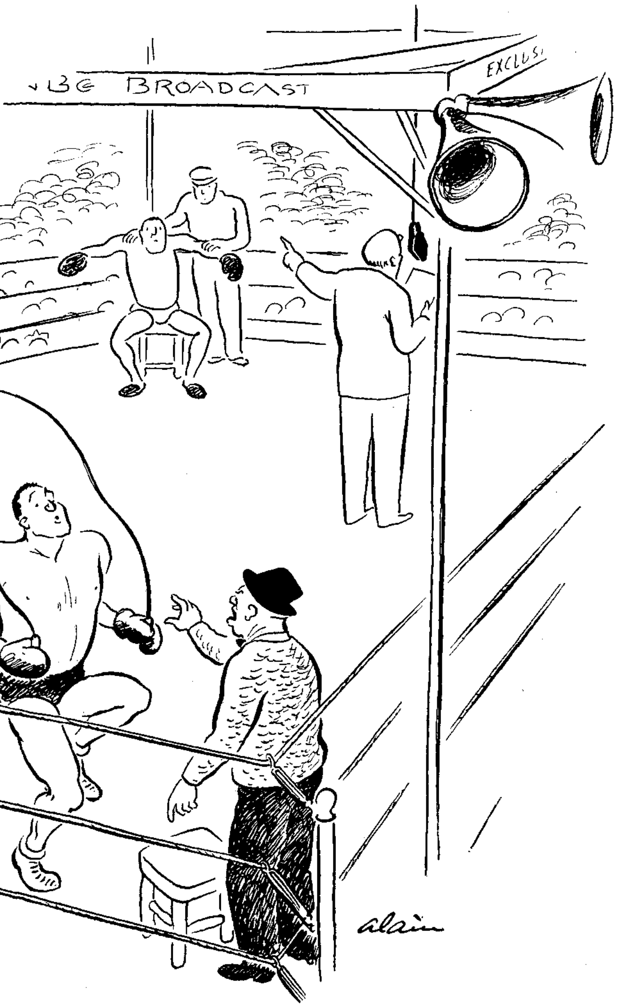
However that may be, the Whites here submit to the sympathy or antagonism of your own sense of humor over eight hundred pages of reading matter by ninety-nine American writers. Old codgers like Billings and Nasby are included, but so are new codgers like Bemelmans and Nash. There are only a few antique chestnuts; this is quite frankly an anthology whose slant is contemporary. The editors have filched shamelessly from the pages of this magazine, and offer a pretty good defense of the filching.

Some of the best things in the book were not designed primarily as professional humor, such as "Benny and the Bird-Dogs," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, the sketch of Babbitt by Sinclair Lewis, and the sections "The Critics at Work" and "The Reporters at Work." Some more of the best things in the book are Mr. White's general introduction, wise and diverting, and his thirteen short forewords to the thirteen departments into which the anthology is conveniently divided.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, whose opinions one listens to with respect, is convinced that a great deal of American writing is out on a limb and must get back to the trunk. The trunk is what he calls "primary literature." Primary literature always strikes a note of moral authority, and it is this note that he himself strikes in "Opinions of Oliver Allston." (Oliver Allston is a literary critic invented by Mr. Brooks to convey obliquely his own views, a somewhat cumbrous and not entirely satisfactory dodge.) Allston's notions, which appear as isolated paragraphs or even terse epigrams, are often extraordinarily witty, always sharply put, and generally wise. I like him best when he is giving us a private view of his own life as a writer—his habits, irritations, and satisfactions. I like his comments, at once acid and invigorating, on our character as Americans, as businessmen, as radicals, as expatriates, as nationalists. I like him less when he intrudes, as he does from time to time, a note of morality so lofty that it becomes almost Galahad-like. Nobility is an excellent thing, but particularly when veiled. People grew tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, and King Arthur, they say, might have made out better if he hadn't been quite so good.

I do not, however, wish you to think that Mr. Brooks is preachy on more than a few occasions. For the most part, he is a delight to read, especially when he attacks coterie literature and that group of death-lovers (now headed by the Fascist stooge Ezra Pound) he calls the "paltry poets of a cheap despair."

WILLIAM BLAKE, who wrote that baroque tour de force "The World Is Mine," offers this week the 741-page "The Copperheads," a sort of



"It's a little late for that now, Kraufmeyer."

Jacobinical secret history of the Civil War cast in the most outlandish fictional form you can conceive. Mr. Blake is an original historian with a viewpoint that will be fresh and startling to most of us. We all have vague notions about the New York draft riots, the rôle of Northern sympathizers with the Confederacy, and the abortive insurrections and fires that the Copperheads instigated. Mr. Blake has dug up the facts. He reveals the part that the Northern Fifth Column of the time played, all the criss-cross currents of treason, the profiteering and speculation, the financial undercurrents of the war, its complex class base, the part played by the foreign-born Socialists who supported the Union, and so on.

Just why Mr. Blake prefers to blunt the edge of his ideas by casting them in the form of a novel is not apparent. He has much inventive talent but no authority whatsoever over his characters, who speak a strange language, slightly suggestive of Meredith crossed with Ouida. The romance (a passionate dressmaker is courted by three lovers—a sinuous Copperhead, a German Socialist, a patriotic Yankee) is high-flown and unconvincing, except when the characters stop talking and merely deliver lectures on the conduct and progress of the war. At such points the book stops being a novel, which is all to the good, and becomes an original piece of historical revaluation. On the whole, I think Mr. Blake's dialogue may be well worth ploughing through in order to get at his ideas.

CHARLES MORGAN has done himself a long short story somewhat in the Henry James manner. It's called "The Empty Room." His admirers will love it and his non-admirers, if honest, will be forced to applaud its ingenuity. A wartime tale (1940) with the war deliberately muted, it has to do with the middle-aged jurist Henry Rydal, his wife, his lovely daughter, the Henry Jamesian narrator, and the strange events that involve the quartet. As always with Mr. Morgan, the real theme is cloudily intellectual; in this case it is the idea of regeneration and continuity in the human character. If you know Mr. Morgan, you will know also that the miracle-worker is our old friend pure love.

There's an extra dimension in this little tale, I think, unless I grossly misunderstand the author, which is possible. Is not this story a parable telling us in oblique terms of the fall of France, the reasons for her fall, and the hope and faith we all have that in the end she will

Good News

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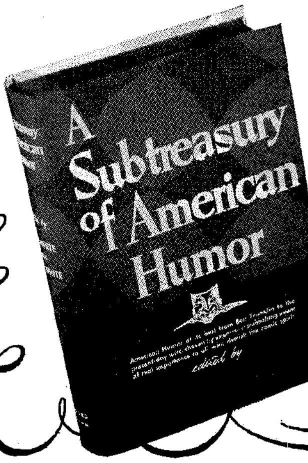

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regenerate herself and take her place once more as part of the indestructible European idea? Mr. Morgan seems to hint at such a double meaning several times in the course of the narrative.

"TOMORROW WILL COME," by E. M. Almedingen, is this year's winner of the *Atlantic* $5,000 non-fiction prize contest. A human document of a type much in vogue some few years ago, when anti-Soviet sentiment was at its peak, it is an honest, unrecriminative, pathetic record of the calvary of a humble intellectual (its author) in Leningrad during the iron period directly following the revolution. Miss Almedingen, a gently bred Russian-English bluestocking, had no burning political convictions. She was one of those little people whom revolution does not kill yet does not quite permit to live. She suffered near famine, near madness, near death, all quite undramatically. In 1922 a happy chance permitted her to escape to Italy and thence to England, where she has since made a place for herself as a translator and medieval historian. Her narrative is personal, perhaps too much so, and is only rarely tangential to the giant historical events of which she was a part. I found it interesting but hardly arresting.

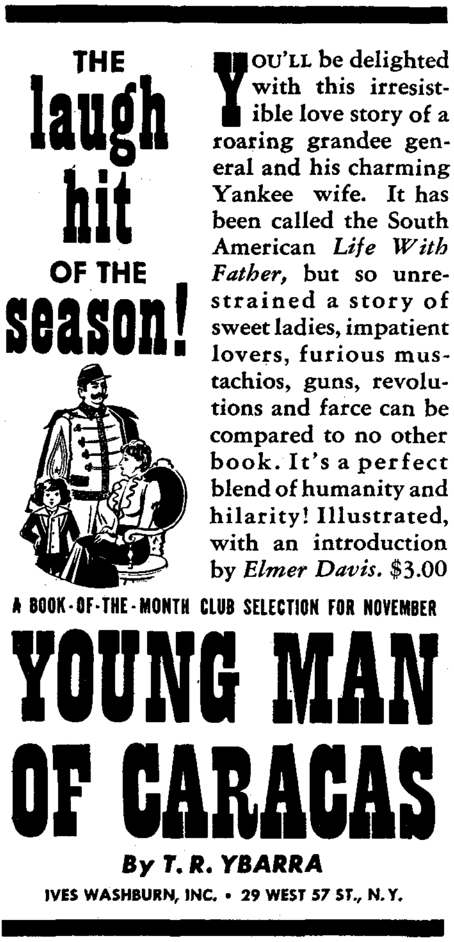
IN "Saratoga Trunk" (the title refers to a railway line), Edna Ferber has worked up another of her romances of the American past, with the color lavishly applied and lusty characters swaggering beautifully all over the place. The place is mainly Saratoga around the end of the last century (there are some chromatic glimpses of New Orleans, too), the hero is a handsome Texas giant, and the girl is a part-Creole adventuress who is a darned sight more palatable than Scarlett O'Hara. The pair outwit a parcel of robber barons in a controversy over the possession of a railroad and settle down to become big-scale continent-looters themselves. The author also draws a sound, truly patriotic moral from her story, but it won't disturb anyone excessively. As flashing and agreeable a yarn as Miss Ferber has fashioned for some time, it should be a walkaway for La Dietrich and Mr. Gary Cooper. It has already been printed in *Cosmopolitan.*

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

YEARS OF ILLUSION, by Harold Sinclair. Another of Mr. Sinclair's care-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ful, fictionalized histories of an Illinois town. The time of this one is 1900 to 1914; the main characters are John Ransom, representing good old pioneer stock on the downgrade, and Parnell McGuire, son of Irish immigrants, poor, lively, ambitious, intelligent, definitely coming up. An interesting book.

VAGABOND PATH, by James Gray. Fifty-six years (1880-1936) in the life of a cosmopolitan intellectual, native of St. Paul, Minnesota, who spends much of his life in France, England, New York, and so on. He writes plays, he loves but does not marry an actress, his mother is beautiful and demanding, he becomes more and more involved, as he grows older, in the troubles, domestic and financial, of his friends. An unusually penetrating study of a man's life, various, civilized, and entertaining.

DAYS ARE AS GRASS, by Wallace McElroy Kelly. Still another life story (when will somebody write a novel that isn't a history?), this time of a woman who begins her career as a rich and pampered Kentucky belle, lives through her father's suicide, her mother's madness, and the loss of most of her friends, and ends up married to the hired man whom she has loved all her life. He's a fine fellow, too, and the whole story is romantic and ably done. Winner of the first Alfred A. Knopf Fellowship.

VALIANT DUST, by Margaret Mackprang Mackay. The tale of a young American girl who goes out to the Far East in the eighteen-eighties to marry a Scotsman and lives the rest of her life in China. Mrs. Mackay knows China at first hand and writes of it with friendly appreciation and skillful local color.

BOTANY BAY, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. The famous "Bounty" team presents a lively historical romance involving the Australian penal colony in 1788. No particular purpose to this except to be amusing. The purpose is achieved.

TAPIOLA'S BRAVE REGIMENT, by Robert Nathan. A little item about your old friend the Yorkshire terrier; his owner, Mrs. Poppel; and his companions, Richard the canary, Jeremiah the rat, Otto the squirrel, and the rest. Mr. Nathan's many admirers will find this up to standard. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese.

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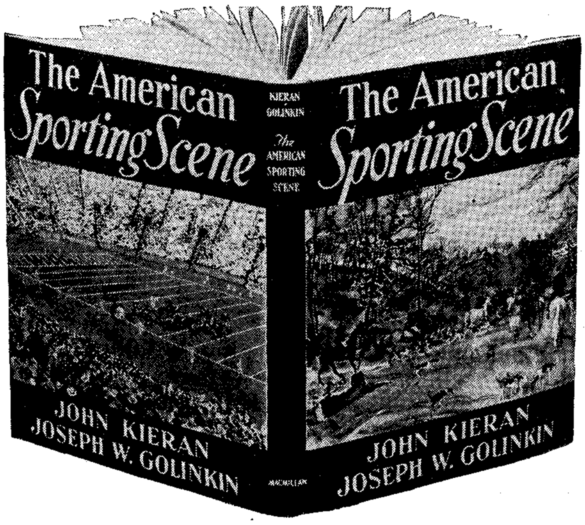

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laboration with George W. Henry, M.D. The first book of its kind in any language, this seems to be a remarkably coherent and readable work, learned but not too opaque for the general reader, and lit by original observation. Dr. Zilboorg begins with primitive medical psychology and works his way through to the post-Freudian period. Illustrated.

THE STRATEGY OF FREEDOM, by Harold J. Laski. A pamphlet addressed to American youth, in which the English Socialist outlines the case for aid to Britain (he evidently believes our army won't be needed in Europe) and points out that even Hitler's defeat, though it is the first essential, will not insure the future of progressive democracy. It will, however, says the author, make such democracy possible.

HOW YOUNG YOU LOOK, by Peggy Wood. Up the years from Brooklyn, or the memoirs of "a middle-sized actress," in which she tells us all about how she grew up, her early training in the theatre, her marriage, her starring rôles in London and New York, and the like. A witty account, liberally dashed with personalities and stories. Green-room photographs.

THE AMERICAN SPORTING SCENE, by John Kieran, with pictures by Joseph W. Golinkin. A lively merger of art and athletics, with the masterful Mr. Kieran commenting on matters pertaining to boxing, baseball, tennis, racing, golf, football, and other diversions, and Mr. Golinkin contributing plenty of pictures in both color and black-and-white. Mr. Kieran also offers some of his own sporting verse, and neatly turned it is. First-rate gift book, too.

AMERICAN GIANT, by Frances Winwar. Walt Whitman and his times—not the definitive biography, perhaps, but an extraordinarily good one, comprising a fresh study of the poet's ideas, new emphasis on his mother's influence, a shrewd guess as to the identity of Walt's New Orleans mistress, and a note on the six natural children (there weren't any, probably, the author says). A moving book, readable and in places tenderly ironic. Illustrated.

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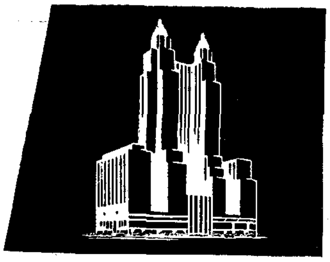
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